

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

27th Year. No. 2.

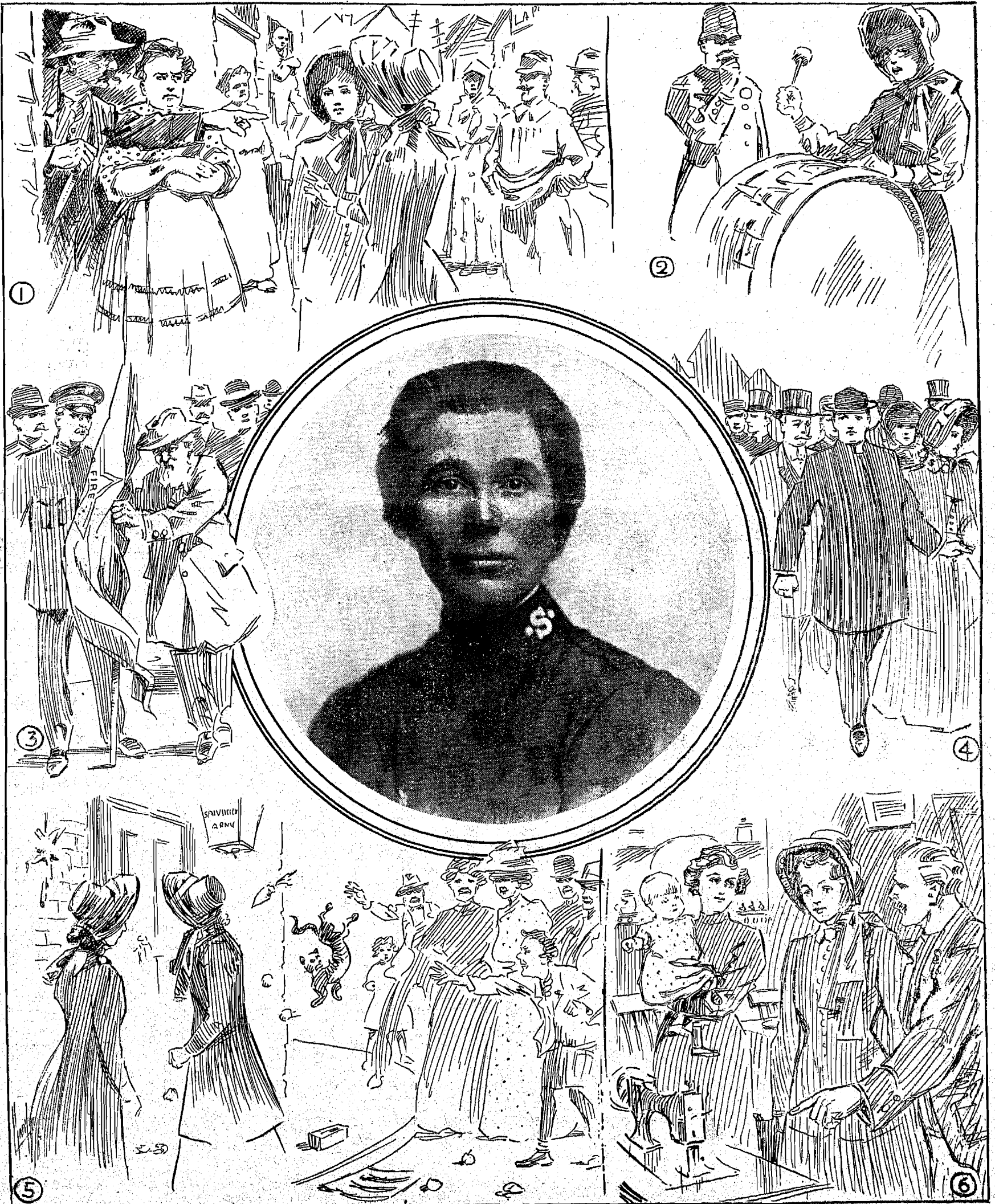
WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1910.

THOMAS R. COMBS,
Commissioner.

Price 2 Cents.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF STAFF-CAPTAIN GOODWIN.



1. VISITING THE FOREIGNERS.

2. THE POLICE OUTWITTED.

3. THE DRUNKEN VETERAN GRASPS THE FLAG-STAFF.

4. MINISTERS DEFEND THE ARMY.

5. AS IT WAS IN QUEBEC.

6. WHAT SALVATION BROUGHT.

(See Page Six.)



Wonderful Radium.

What One Pound Could Do.

The world, as yet, knows scarcely anything about radium; but so great are its possibilities that, estimating by the few grains already in their possession, Sir Wm. Ramsay, speaking for the scientists, has stated that if one pound of radium could be obtained it would be enough to supply the largest liner with power to travel for ever. For the extraordinary fact has been discovered that, whilst radium gives off a vaporous emanation (and this emanation forms itself into another body named helium), the stock or mother-piece of radium retains its original strength, so that this latest discovery has cut right across all the existing theories of chemistry.

There are at present only three known places in Europe where pitch-blende, from which radium is extracted, has ever been seen, and can still be found in small quantities. One of these is in Austria, and the other two are in Cornwall—at Grampound Road and at St. Ives.

The discovery of pitch-blende at St. Ives was as follows:

An old miner was passing by the tij (or rubbish heap usually seen near a pit's mouth) when he saw what his experience told him was pitch-blende. Up till that moment this apparently useless heap of refuse was being broken up to re-macadamize the local streets and roads. Now, every bit of it is being subjected to the most careful scrutiny, and the old mine, where formerly only tin was sought for, is being thoroughly worked day and night.—The Y. P.

Slaves of Custom.

Women and Children in India.

"In what way is woman handicapped in India?" we asked.

"In the first place," was the reply, "she is, as far as her marriage is concerned, scarcely able to call her soul her own. I mean that she has, as a rule, absolutely no choice in the matter. The marriage is arranged by the parents, and the betrothal ceremony often takes place when she is a mere baby, and she is but a girl when married. The results of this custom which largely exists as a result of the keen competition among parents to get their children suitably married, and to prevent the betrothal from being cancelled in favour of some other more desirable suitor, are varied and far-reaching. For instance, the poetry of maidenhood is almost entirely absent in India. One may be perfectly sure that nine out of every ten of the dear little dark-eyed, smiling girls—mere children—one meets

in the villages are married, or at least betrothed. This fact is announced by the bracelet which is worn above the elbow, or by the red paint along the parting of the black hair. It is only fair, however, to say that, so far as I have been able to gather, the women of India, rather than being fretful and discontented with their lot, are apparently quite the reverse. They accept the custom as a matter of course.

"You must remember, also," continued Mrs. Booth-Tucker, "that in India women in the higher castes, from a tender age upwards, so to speak, live behind the veil. Not only is her face covered when in public, but for the most part she must live a secluded life in a zenana, conversing only with her husband and the other members of their own household, and never with a male stranger."—All the World.

A Chinese Prime Minister.

He Overcame Difficulties.

A poor Chinese boy named Kwang Hung was very fond of books, and loved to study; but his poverty prevented him from being able to purchase oil for his lamp, and he had no light. He worked for a magistrate, who, at Kwang Hung's own request, paid him in books instead of money, and no one was ever more delighted with his wages. Yet the books were of little use to the boy, for he was too poor to buy oil for a lamp at night.

At last he thought of an idea. His next-door neighbour had lights, and so Kwang Hung made a little hole in the wall, and by moving his book backwards and forwards in front of the hole he caught the light that came through the hole, and was able to go on with his studies.

When the examinations were held he went up with others, and so distinguished himself that his case was brought before the Emperor, who gave him a high appointment, and finally Kwang Hung became Prime Minister of the Chinese Empire.—Australian Y. S.

The Royal Mint.

An Interesting Peep Inside.

The building in which the nation's money is made is situated, strangely enough, in one of the poorest districts of the East End of London, so that people who are constantly in want of the bare necessities of life spend their years almost within touch of wealth far beyond the dreams of avarice!

The privileged visitor, on being confronted with the great bars of bul-

lion, might cudgel his brain in vain to understand how a check can be kept on all the wealth, but there is scarcely any waste, and theft is unknown. The explanation is simple, although no employee is searched when he goes home at night. No one is allowed to leave the building until the day's work is done and every particle of metal has been weighed. Even the dust on the floor is taken into calculation, and when the bell sounds for the nightly exodus of the workmen each room is carefully swept. All the particles that have accumulated during the day having been collected, they are put into water, with the result that any gold and silver that may be present soon separates itself from the dust by dropping to the bottom of the pan.

In the weighing-room £300,000 or £400,000 may be weighed in a day by machines which are not to be seen in any other part of Great Britain, except at the Bank of England. These machines not only retain the gold coins, but they throw out both the light and the heavy.—British Social Gazette.

Deceived—but Saved

By a Light in the Window.

A story typical of the work done in our Women's Hotels is related by a British officer. It concerns a bright, pretty young girl from the country—one of three daughters of highly-respectable parents. It appears that in order to win her hand a certain disreputable and despicable individual had feigned all sorts of good qualities and possessions.

They had not been married many days before this man was arrested on a charge of theft. At the police-court it transpired that he already possessed a wife and two children. The revelation, of course, came as a staggering blow to the poor deceived and heart-broken girl. That the man was tried, found guilty, and sent to prison was no balm for her wounds, nor did it bring any compensation for the life so ruthlessly wrecked.

In her grief and desperation she only saw one way out of her difficulty and shame. She was, in fact, on her way to give effect to this dark purpose in her heart, when—it was nearly midnight—she noticed a light in one of the Hotel windows. Suddenly remembering that it was a place set apart by The Army for women needing a friend, she rang the bell.

The door opened, she entered, and was saved.

She stayed in the hotel until after her trouble had passed, and she is now happily and usefully employed in another part of the country.—The Deliverer.

An African Farmer

And What he Told an Officer.

When but a youth he has distinct recollections of a beautiful home. His fond mother died and a second took her place. Then he tells of how his parents became excessive in their drinking habits, and later the home changing to misery and want, when the poor lad was compelled to make a way in the world for himself. He became engaged to an old Dutch farmer on the present property as a herd, living on a bare pittance, and frequently exposed in the mountains with the sheep to the most violent and inclement weather. He speaks of wearing a garment made by a kindly native woman out of the remains of an old buck sail. Sometimes his clothing was reduced to sheepskin, with pieces of ox-hide tied over his feet in the place of boots. With what pathos he refers to the earnest prayers offered for God's protection from the drink evil, and his guidance every day! Often would he climb to the highest peak just to gaze in the direction of his early home, and with eyes filled with tears return to his duties. With successive movings from farm to farm, his remuneration always being in stock, his flocks became largely increased, until at last his head is lifted up, and by a very wonderful coincidence he becomes the happy land-owner of this fine stretch of country where such hardships were endured in his boyhood days. What lessons of heroism are to be extracted from the lives of the masters of the soil. Can we wonder, then, at their daily devotion, and walk in integrity before the great I Am Who never slumbers or sleeps.—South African Cry.

Never Mind!

Verses Worth Remembering.

Sometimes, when nothing goes just right,
And worry reigns supreme,
When heartache fills the eyes with mist,
And all things useless seem,
There's just one thing can drive away
The tears that scald and blind—
Some one to slip a strong arm 'round,
And whisper, "Never mind!"
No one has ever told just why
Those words such comfort bring,
Nor why that whisper makes our cares
Depart on hurried wing;
Yet troubles say a quick "Good-day!"
We leave them far behind.
When someone slips an arm around,
And whispers, "Never mind!"
—British War Cry.

The Praying League.

General prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

1. For special blessing and guidance to be given to our Leaders, and that good health may be given them.
2. Pray for the restoration of the Commissioner.
3. Pray for all sick Officers.
4. Pray for The General.
5. Pray for the Chief Secretary's campaign. The special meeting at Lisgar street, Toronto, and other meetings.

Sunday, Oct. 9th.—Opposing Forces.

Romans vii.: 1-25.

Monday, Oct. 10th.—Full Salvation.

Romans viii.: 1-23.

Tuesday, Oct. 11th.—Sin Separates.

Romans viii.: 24-39.

Wednesday, Oct. 12th.—Full Surrender.

Romans xii.: 1-21.

Thursday, Oct. 13th.—No Debts, but Love!

Romans xiii.: 7-14; xiv.: 1-23.

Friday, Oct. 14th.—Crucify Self.

Romans xv.: 1-27.

Saturday, Oct. 15th.—Not Many Noble.

I. Cor. i.: 1-31.

THE SPUR.

I am passing on to our Prayer League readers a very sweet thought voiced in touching lines in a recent issue of "The Deliverer." They will touch a responsive chord in many a heart.

Probably we are all indebted to some human friend who has believed in us and trusted us; who has had confidence in us in the times of stress and strain, and through "good and evil report."—B. J.

"Because of your strong faith I kept the track,

Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well-nigh spent;

I could not meet your eyes if I turned back,

So on I went.

Because you would not yield belief in me,

The threatening crags that rose my way to bar;

I conquered nich by crumbing nich—to see

The goal afar.

And though I struggle toward it through hard years,

Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within,

"You can!" unwavering my spirit hears,

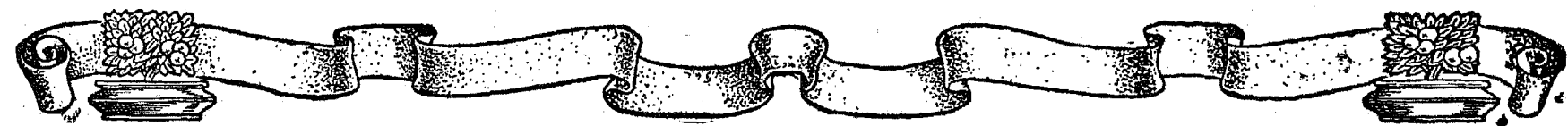
And I shall win.

—Alice Dunbar, in "The Century."

REST.

There is nothing which will give a chance for rest to over-tired nerves

so surely as a simple religious faith in the over-ruling, wise, and tender Providence which has us in its keeping. It is in chafing against the conditions of our lives that we tire ourselves immeasurably. It is in being anxious about things which we cannot help that we often do most of our spending. A simple faith in God, which practically and every moment, and not only theoretically, and on Sundays, rests on the knowledge that He cares for us at least as much as we care for those who are the dearest to us, will do much to give the tired nerves the feeling of the bird in its nest. Do not spend what strength you have, like the clematis in climbing on yourself, but lay hold on things that are eternal and the peace of them will pass into your soul like a healing balm. Put yourself in the great everlasting currents, and then you can rest on your oars, and let those currents bear you on their strength.—From the Technique of Rest.



A Day with an Indian Officer.

AN ILLUMINATING INSIGHT INTO OUR WORK IN INDIA.



ING-A-TE-TONG-TONG-TONG!

It is five o'clock. On the verandah of the Divisional Headquarters, the dusky face of the Cadet, whose business it is to rouse his sleeping comrades, is turned over his shoulder to observe the immediate effect of his efforts with two steel bars; his teeth gleam in a satisfied smile when a jalousie near is pushed by to allow a dark head to appear, and a somewhat sleepy voice responds "Hallelujah!"

A few moments for reflection and prayer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jeya Kodi arises from his charpoy to perform his brief toilet, and wait upon his God, before calling for the inevitable cup of tea which commences the early working day.

A Charming Journey to the Villages.

At 6.30 the party of Cadets selected for the day's village visiting is ready to start. There are not more than seven miles to travel, but there are half a dozen villages to visit, and the day will quickly be hot. Through stretches of sugar-cane, and low-growing wheat fields, the party wends its way, the Cadets chanting the words of a Salvation Song to a low, weird melody, while the Colonel confers with an Officer upon some matter concerning the War.

The mango groves are full of gay, chattering parrots, who shriek and preen themselves as the Mukhtifauj passes by; on the sunny sides of the tree lizards are feeling the goodness of the day, and small deer look through the groves, wondering if for them this is likely to prove a peaceful expedition.

At last we see the black thatched roofs of the mud huts, and over our heads circle flocks of wild pigeons, blue and grey. On a low wall encircling a well sit three women, chatting lazily, while another stands near with a vessel in her brown hand, chewing cardamoms.

"We will go to the house of Jai Kurani," says the Colonel, selecting by a motion his own party of six. "You, Captain, will take the other half-dozen Cadets to the house by the lower well; they asked us for a meeting in their compound last time we came. Gather all together for prayer whom you can get."

We are quickly made welcome by a worker in brass, who throws down his tools, and bids us be seated beneath the sesham tree in his compound. Two small bronze figures, clad only in waist-cloths, fly in different directions to make our coming known, and from several houses issue would-be worshippers, who salaam and sit down on the ground, eager for a meeting. Those men who work in the fields are all away. That man to the right is a weaver of cloth for turbans; he is not a Salvationist, but he loves to join us for prayers and to ask some of the questions with which his thoughtful head is filled.

A Meeting and a Mid-day Meal.

See this one coming who salaams with so bright a face! Mukhtifauj has cost him dear. The head man of the village is against us, and, as is so frequently done, he brought against this man an entirely false charge. The native police appeared one day, and searched the village for some brass vessels which had been stolen. Out of this Convert's house they bore the vessels in triumph—having first carried them in concealed in their clothing. He was locked up, protesting vainly. Headquarters was informed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jeya Kodi communicated with the Deputy Commissioner; but before he could interfere the man was brought to trial, and sentenced to twenty lashes.

The religion of these Converts is well tested in one way and another. They are refused work by the higher castes if they are Salvationists—practically boycotted for a time; they are called names and threatened; they have the police and, in many cases, the head men against them, and are often turned out of their houses. Against all this they hold on, and pray, and sing "Hallelujah!" through their darkest days.

While we think about it all, and take odd notes of our surroundings, the Colonel's little meeting has been proceeding, and we trudge on to the next village, two of our number having visited a sick man while the people were being dealt with.

It is but two miles away, but here we shall have a great crowd. We shall be just in time for the midday dinner hour, when many of the men come home from the fields.

Yes, there they are; the first group has already arrived. The women are ready for them with their little fires made up of refuse, and the crisp edges of the brown chupatties bespeak an appetizing meal. Here comes a woman with a little pile of them for us. "The Mukhtifauj must be fed," says she, "for they are holy people, and one will acquire merit who lets them not hunger." Others are evidently of her opinion, for here comes a vessel of smoking curry, little square blocks of potato showing up amongst the chicken of which it is composed. We take a broad

leaf for a plate, and sit down under the nearest mulberry tree to dispose of our share of curry and rice.

As there are certain trees in the village devoted to certain castes, we can take our choice of a congregation by pitching near. Some will listen as they lie upon their cots to rest, but the most eager gather closely round.

Were we on tour instead of visiting for a single day, we should have our bullock-cart, pick up dry wood for a fire by the way, and camp under a tree half a mile from the village, preparing our midday meal in our own cooking vessels. Then the villagers would walk out to us, bearing gifts of sugar-cane, attar (a kind of flour), mangoes, and water-melons. Were the Colonel's wife with us, we should probably carry a tent also. As she could not come to-day, we get no women to sit around our groups; they never attend when only men are conducting. For the same reason, we have no single Officers over our Corps; the Cadets around us are all young married people.

Yon tall Sikh is the head man of this village. He and his countrymen are fine fellows, and treat us with great courtesy. They are either high-caste or Mohammedans, which makes it impossible for them to mix with the crowd of lower-caste people who mostly frequent our meetings; but many Sikhs have been converted through the Mukhtifauj, and some are Officers.

Great as is this clear, midday heat, it is not sufficiently overpowering to dry up the flow of questions which some of these bystanders desire to pour in our direction. Not one answer must be shortly dealt with; our influence for good depends upon the patience and tact with which we respond.

Questions and their Answers.

"Why," asks an embroiderer of shawls, "do you dress as you do? You are a European, yet you do not wear a Sahib's dress."

"You would not speak to me so freely were I in Sahib's dress," answers the Colonel; "so his dress gives me a chance to speak to you about our Salvation."

A shopkeeper, whose whole store is displayed beneath yonder sesham tree, chimes in here with a statement concerning his own religion.

"What good has your religion done you?" asks the Colonel.

"Oh, we believe not in many gods, but in one," interposes a thoughtful-looking man of high caste. "Is not that enough? Is it not sufficient that we pray to the One True God?"

This gives the opportunity of a forceful little talk upon the Divinity and sacrifice of Christ. The group is evidently impressed by the Colonel's last sentence: "Our religion brings blessing; in this life are we delivered from sin through our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Although the embroiderer of shawls tries to turn the conversation by his question, "It is sinful to kill animals; do you not think so?" yet the talk drifts back to the astounding statement that "in this life are we delivered from sin." There are many thoughtful listeners.

Rest-time is over, the men are returning to their work in the fields, and after a visit to a man who has lately been in great trouble, all must go on. Word has been passed to the next village that the party is coming, and half-way thither we are met by one of our village Envoys, of whom we have quite a number in a certain large district. These men are natives, working in the fields, or at some trade; but quite admirably they take the place of Officers, holding a certain number of meetings in the week, visiting one or two Outposts, praying with the Soldiers, and speaking with all they can, and attending the Officers' weekly meeting. The work goes on just as though we had Officers in their place. They now receive a couple of rupees per month; but for many months these Envoys worked indefatigably, shepherding the native Soldiers, without either fee or reward.

The Money-Lender and the Call of Poonan.

We are now coming in sight of a village where two of our Converts underwent a very trying experience. They were arrested by the police upon an altogether false charge. They were promised release upon the production of three rupees, which they did not possess. A money-lender in the village lent the sum, and the Converts being released, they sent word of their mishap to Headquarters. The Colonel foresaw the necessity of evidence, so he visited the money-lender himself, paid the debt, and secured a receipt, in which the name of the policeman who received it was opportunely inserted. The next step was a visit to the Deputy Commissioner, who made inquiry through his chief clerk, but no policeman could be found of the name given. The Commissioner naturally believed his own staff to be right, and the Colonel to be wrong.

"I could find the man," suggested the latter.

"My conveyance is at the door," replied the Commissioner. "You are welcome to try."

Clerk and Colonel drove off to the village, and the policeman in question (Continued on Page Fourteen.)



Band Chat.

Chatham, Ont.—Our Band, which was engaged by the City Council to play salvation music in the public park during the summer months, gave its last festival on Tuesday evening before the largest and most appreciative audience of the season. The Band played Chalk Farm, Jerusalem My Happy Home, The Captain, Songs of Joy No. 2, The Candidate, and other pieces. The cornet solos by Captain McGrath, our worthy C. O., fairly won the hearts of the people. The Captain, by the request of Bandmaster Dunkley has taken the band practices in hand, and is getting the men down to fine business, and an all-round improvement is noticeable. We have received our new band tunics. They have made a world of difference in the Band's appearance.—E. H.

A few Sundays ago a Corps Officer announced that the two lamps belonging to the Band had been removed from their places in the corner of the band-room. Who had purloined them, how, why, and where they had disappeared nobody knew. And so for several weeks the matter remained a mystery, and the Band played in the dark.

One day last week the Bandmaster met a Bandsman belonging to another Corps. In course of conversation the latter casually remarked that owing to alterations to their hall, the Band, in fact, the whole Corps and meetings, had been hindered considerably by lack of lighting apparatus.

"Yes," he continued, "I really don't know what we should have done had it not been for the kindly light shed by your Band lamps."

The Bandmaster's eyes opened as wide as—well, never mind, he got the lamps all right. How they came to be so useful to the other Corps he does not know, and, perhaps, never will know. He cannot take his Band, now numbering 42 players, to the Corps, but he is glad that his Band lamps have done some service to it instead.

Fredericton.—Owing to the many losses we have sustained by the transfer of so many Bandsmen to other parts of the Dominion, our little band has had a hard struggle to survive, but by keeping at it we are now being rewarded in seeing our numbers increase. We have re-welcomed Bandsman Willie Craig. He has taken up the trombone. Bro. Reading has also returned and taken up first cornet. Bandmaster Bamford certainly deserves great credit for the way in which he has kept the boys together. He has a number of learners who will soon be able to play out.

Vancouver I.—What proved to be a very interesting meeting to the Bandsmen of Vancouver I. was conducted by Major Phillips, the Social Secretary for the West, on Thursday night, Sept. 15. The Band was presented with five new instruments, viz.: Two tenor horns (solo model) class A, two clarionets, and one large size bass drum.

The Major commented upon the excellent standing of the Band, and said that not only was the Band appreciated in Vancouver, but across the border in the coast cities of the States. The playing of the Band was also highly commented upon.

During the meeting the Songster Brigade, under the leadership of Songster Leader Phillips, rendered two excellent selections: "If It Wasn't for the Dear Old Army" and "We Are a Sowing Band." They were very much appreciated by the large congregation.

The Band has suffered the loss of three comrades: Bandsmen Inrig, Dafoe, and Slight, who have been transferred to Victoria. Our loss is their gain.

Bandsmen thinking of coming West, communicate with Bandmaster Redburn, 535 Hawks ave., who is always willing to do his best for any comrade.

With the Canadians at the Staff Lodge

LETTER No. 4.

By Captain Church.



LADY once saw a little girl struggling along with a big baby in her arms. "My dear," she said, "isn't that baby too heavy for you?"

"No mum," replied the girl. "He's my brother."

Thus did Commissioner Higgins illustrate his talk on the effects of Perfect Love at the Congress Hall Holiness meeting. He went on to tell of other beautiful instances of devotion, and then, swiftly and suddenly, contrasted the opposite picture—the effects of fear. It was a powerful and telling address, and in the prayer meeting which followed ten souls came forward to seek deliverance from their doubts and fears, and to be made perfect in their love towards God.

The first was an old white-haired man; the last a girl in her teens. In the case of one the sands of life had nearly run out; in the case of the other life, with all its possibilities, is before her. But young and old, they kneel at the Saviour's feet for pardon, purity, and power, both in the spirit of little children, without which no one can enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

This was the second of these meetings at which the Staff College party was present. A splendid crowd has filled the hall each time, and though they are not very demonstrative they seem to quietly take in all that is said, and no doubt go home much cheered and strengthened.

Among those who spoke in the meeting were Staff Captains Barr and Arnold, and Adj. Ogilvie, who each related how they obtained the blessing of a clean heart.

Staff-Captain Berney, from Java, who is now one of the students at the Staff College, gave an interesting account of how God revealed Himself to his soul away out in a lonely hut on the gold fields of North Queensland.

The presence at the College of several officers from far off regions of the earth, gives quite an international aspect to this session, and we are all learning much from each other regarding The Army work in all parts of the world.

On Friday Commissioner Higgins and Colonel Whatmore came to the College to deliver lectures. Their respective subjects were: "The Winning of Souls" and "Public Speaking." This will give our readers some idea of the matters upon which we are receiving instruction.

Every Saturday is a free day, and we usually avail ourselves of the opportunity to visit places of interest in London. St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Kensington Museums, and the Tower of London are some of the places we have seen up to the present.

Everyone is greatly impressed with the size of London. As Adj. Hiscock says: "It takes a mighty lot of room to house seven millions of people." The vivid contrasts we observe between different districts of the city is also a cause for comment. In the West-End we see gentlemen in faultless attire being driven to the doors of restaurants, which are veritable palaces, to dine sumptuously on all the luxuries the city can boast of; in Whitechapel a tatterdemalion crowd clouches up to a street vendor to purchase a penny's worth of stewed eels, which they consume on the spot.

"Pubs," as they call them here, are to be seen at every corner. No wonder the heart of The General was stirred with pity as he gazed on the seething multitudes of this great city, and that he resolved to plunge into this hell and snatch the victims as brands from the burning.

And The General is still for London, and London is for The General.

We very much enjoyed our Sunday at Edmonton Corps, under the leadership of Commissioner Rees. The bill board outside the Citadel contained the startling announcement that "forty foreign officers" would

take part in the meetings. It did not strike us at first that we were the "furriners" referred to. When it did we smiled a smile. What would an Englishman think if we announced him in Canada as a "foreign officer."

We had a splendid time, anyhow, and were much impressed with the earnestness of the English soldiery and the great opportunities they have for carrying on an aggressive soul-saving work. We have an idea too that the Edmontonites were impressed by us, especially by our united singing. Staff-Captain Arnold had taken great pains to suitably instruct us, and the only thing that went wrong was that none of us started at the right moment, so that the song began as a solo. We managed to catch up to the leader, however, before long, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

The open-air meetings for the most part were held in residential districts, and as a consequence we did not have big crowds around the ring. The doors and windows of all the houses along the street were soon opened, however, and no doubt we had a large, though unseen congregation. At night a large united meeting was held at a place called "the Green." Here a dense crowd packed the roadway and sidewalk, and we had a splendid meeting. The march to the hall was quite a big affair. Besides the Corps Band there was a Junior drum and fife band and the Junior Corps was out in full strength as well. The Army has a splendid work amongst the children in this district. They have a separate Junior Hall, with two large class-rooms (one upstairs, the other down). On Sunday morning, and also in the afternoon, the Juniors occupied the gallery, almost entirely filling it. There must have been about three hundred.

As regards the visible results of the day's fighting they were very gratifying. In the Holiness Meeting the Commissioner gave a very plain talk on the necessity of salvation soldiers possessing a clean heart if they were to do effective service. It pierced the hearts of many, and some very definite consecrations were made. In response to the Commissioner's question, "Who'll be the first to come?" a man jumped up and called out "I will." He was a soldier of the Corps. Some of the Bandsmen followed his example, and altogether fifteen knelt at the altar to vow afresh their allegiance to God and The Army. It was a glorious finish to a powerful meeting. No wonder Adjutant Kendall got the glory and started to jump for joy.

In the night meeting when, after a hard struggle, the thirteenth soul got the victory, there was a loud shout of triumph, and the old greybeards of the Corps, some of whom had been in at the beginnings of The Army, started a thanksgiving dance. The first of the penitents was a very old lady, who seemed to be tottering on the verge of the grave. One of the youngest fishers was a little flaxen-haired girl of seven, who brought her little brother and sister to the penitent form and prayed with them. A week before she had persuaded her mother, who was a drunkard, to come to the meeting, and much to the joy of everyone the woman had got saved. The little girl naively informed one of our officers that she had been saved four years, and meant to win all the souls she could for Jesus.

Mrs. Major Taylor, Staff-Captain Arnold, Adj. Sheard, and Mrs. Capt. Heberden rendered acceptable service throughout the day by soloing. Staff-Captain Barr and Captain Murphy related incidents of S. A. work in Canada, while the other officers took part by testimony, prayer, fishing, etc.

Adjutant Stickland, a Newfoundland Officer, was unfortunately prevented from attending the open-air owing to the fact that he could not walk far. He had to remain in the Citadel therefore and pray on our behalf. His lame leg was the result of an accident that happened shortly

after his arrival in London. As he was crossing a road near the College a motor car came whizzing round the corner, and before he could step out of the way it had knocked him down and run over his leg. Fortunately no bones were broken, and the patient is progressing towards recovery.

"Aye mon," said Staff-Capt. Alexander, from British Guiana, as he stood in the Main street of Edmonton and watched the usual Sunday procession of bicyclists go by. "Aye mon, it's a sad sight to see all those bonnie lads and lassies disregarding the Holy Sabbath and bent only on their own pleasure. What will the England of the future be like when all these young people occupy the places of their feythers?"

It is truly a serious question.

If all God's people were to work on the lines laid down by Commissioner Rees in his lecture to us on Aggression, such a revival would come about. He was trying to drive home to us the fact that we should be alive to our opportunities everywhere we go, and by way of illustration he related the following incident out of his own experience. One day he had occasion to call on a certain noble Earl to transact some business. The business concluded, he asked the Earl if he was converted. This led to a lengthy conversation on spiritual matters, and at the end of three hours the Commissioner was on his knees praying for the salvation of the Earl.

One Thursday night as the Congress Hall Holiness Meeting was in progress the Earl walked out to the Mercy Seat and sought salvation.

The lesson the Commissioner strove to teach us from this was that we should banish from our minds the idea that a Salvation Army Citadel was the only place where we could tackle sinners.

Our warfare must continue to be aggressive, or we shall lose ground.

Again, speaking about people who come to our meetings and get convicted, but require someone to help them to come to a decision, he told this story:

The General, during a Sunday night meeting in a London Corps, noticed an old man with an anxious expression on his face, whom none of the fishers seemed to observe. He stepped down from the platform therefore and went to speak to the old man himself. He only needed to say a few sentences for the old man was evidently waiting for someone to help him, and at once he went out to the Mercy Seat. As he returned from the registration room he went up and saluted The General, and said: "Thank you, sir, for giving me a shove."

There were numbers of people like that—all they want is a shove to push them into the Kingdom.

Captain Mardall had the privilege of spending the week-end with the International Staff Band at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. He reports that they had a splendid time.

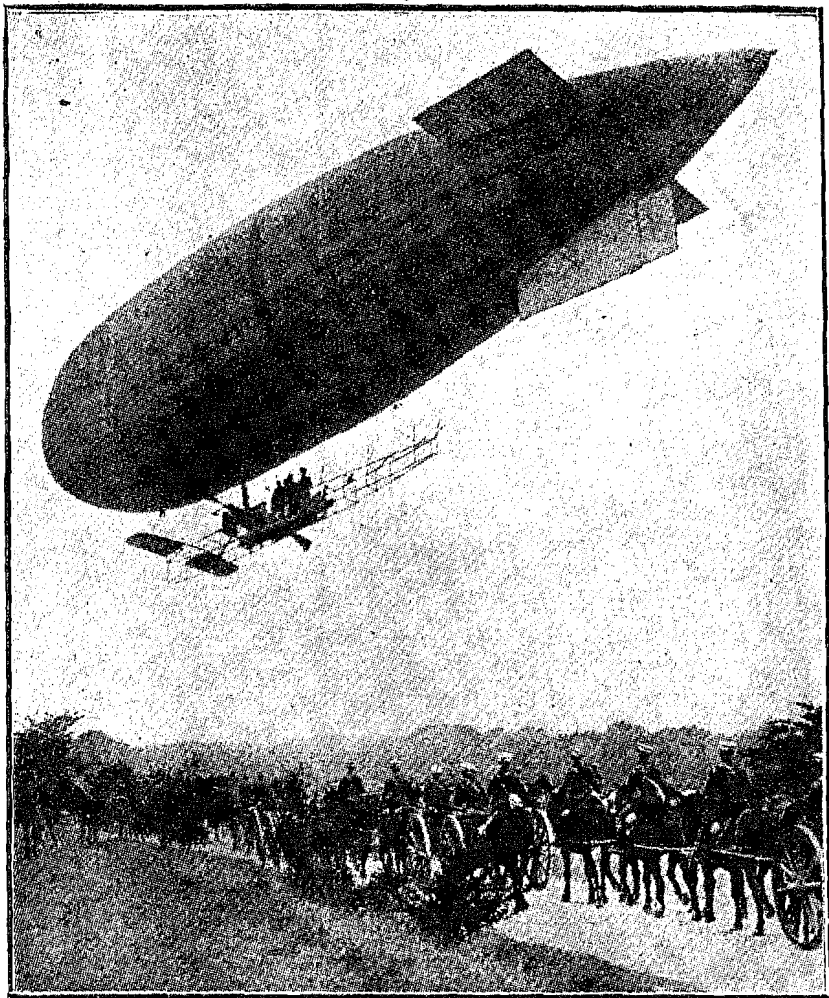
The place was stirred, and ten souls sought salvation. What pleased the Captain most of all, however, was a visit to the Parkhurst Prison. This is the first time that a Salvation Army Band has been allowed to conduct a service in an English prison. It marks a distinct advance in the reform of the prison system here, which no doubt will prove a great benefit to the men behind the bars.

This morning (Tuesday) a pleasing little incident took place at the College. At the conclusion of breakfast Mrs. Major Taylor arose and made a neat little speech on behalf of the officers present. She referred to the fact that Lieut. Col. Powley was somewhat at a disadvantage in calling us to attention for prayers owing to the fact that he had to use the primitive method of rapping a spoon on a teacup. The Officers in session had thought it would be nice if the Colonel had a bell for that purpose, and so they had clubbed together and purchased one.

The Colonel was delighted with this useful little gift, and thanked us all on his own behalf, and also for future sessions of Officers who would benefit by it.

We are all well, with the exception of Staff-Captain Stobbs, who has been obliged to rest with friends for a time owing to a complete breakdown. We trust she will soon be restored to health and strength.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS



The Army Airship, "Beta," Passing Over the Troops.

The practical results of the use of dirigibles as scouts during the manoeuvres will be very attentively watched by all who are following the developments of this new branch of the service. Recently the army airship "Beta" passed over the manoeuvre area on an unofficial trip. Records of the position of the troops were made in order to test the capabilities of the dirigible as a reliable scout. The results so far to hand from the German army show that the German airships have been decidedly unfortunate in their first official appearance at grand manoeuvres. One airship was compelled to land in the enemy's territory, and was thus captured, while another was completely hoodwinked by the erection of dummy tents and other impediment.

A Great Send-off to the Q.O.R.

The Queen's Own Rifles, after having reflected credit on themselves and their country, according to reports, have left the Old Country for the Land of the Maple Leaf. The King sent them a farewell telegram, and the Lord Mayor came to the ship to see them. One of the newspaper representatives writes thus concerning the send-off:

"The embarkation and the departure of the steamer was one of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed in this port. The steamer drew away from the dock just a few minutes before 7 o'clock. At this last moment the Toronto men were, for once, thoroughly beaten. Their cheers, though good lusty cheers, were nothing to the cheers of the tremendous multitude which had gathered to wish the Canadians godspeed on their return home. Just as the Canadians carry back with them happy recollections of their four weeks here, the people of England will not soon lose the feeling of affection, and, what is more important, of respect which the Q. O. R. have won for themselves among their English fellow-citizens of the Empire. That was the great truth which inspired the enthusiasm of the Liverpool people, and which was well exemplified by their hearty cheers."

Fewer Paupers in England.

A natural sequel to the steady tale of increasing trade prosperity in Britain is the continued decrease in the number of paupers.

According to a recent Local Government Board return, the number of paupers in receipt of relief in England and Wales on Saturday, July 30 last was 759,128—a decrease of 17,702 compared with the corresponding Sat-

urday in 1909. London showed a decrease of exactly 100.

A notable feature of the returns is that, while the indoor paupers for England and Wales actually increased slightly, the outdoor paupers were 19,295 fewer. The reason for this is that the indoor paupers are largely infirm and aged people who are too old to work. Old-age pensions no doubt helped to lessen the number of "out" paupers, for that welcome 5s. a week is often just enough to save the poor old folk from "the parish."

There were fewer outdoor paupers per 1,000 inhabitants in England and Wales on July 30 last than on the corresponding date in any year in the whole list of returns since 1870. "In" paupers, on the other hand, are bracketed with 1909 as higher than any year since 1870. But there are only 260,605 "in" as against 498,523 "out" paupers.

A Black Outlook in Labrador

Dr. Grenfell thus describes the condition of settlers in Labrador:

"Meanwhile the outlook is serious for the settlers. While some did well with the fur last winter and the removal of prohibition on killing beavers has and will help many more, there are quite a number who are unable in any way to provide provisions for the coming winter owing to the failure of the fishing. We visited yesterday a man whose leg had to be removed last summer; he and his family are already on a dry flour diet; another family living in half a hut, one of their crew sleeping under a canvas cover in an old hauled-up boat; a girl of twenty was dying in this house of consumption, on almost a dry flour diet also. In another a blind man and his wife almost naked as well as hungry. In another a mother of twenty-five dying of consumption; and her only child, a boy of four years, with tubercle of the spine;

they had no butter, or "grease," meaning pork, all winter. I have accepted the last week three orphans, one a girl whose humble guardians can no longer feed her. This poor fellow and his wife have no children, and wept to part with her, so I promised to hold her for them in care until times are better.

The Savage Nature of Huskies

In the same letter addressed to the London Times Dr. Grenfell gives some gruesome particulars as to the savage nature of the dogs used for transport purposes.

Here, anchored off a Hudson Bay Company post, we have just had poured into our ears one more gruesome argument in favor of our reindeer. A poor father has been telling us of the fate of his little five-year-old boy this spring. His dogs, only four in number, had, like nearly every other dog along this coast in spring, been only partly fed. His children were playing about in the beach near his house; apparently the child in no way vexed the dogs. But seeing him on the beach the dogs rushed down and attacked him; his little playmates ran up shouting that the dogs were eating him. But it was quite a time before anyone was found. At length the father heard, and rushed down, only to find that the dogs had not only killed but already partly eaten the boy.

This makes six killed or eaten by these dogs in my own memory, while many more have been bitten. The people have to keep these dogs for their sledges.

France and Airships.

France has faith in aerial warships, and it is stated that by the beginning of next year France will thus possess the most powerful aerial navy in the world, and will be able to mobilize sixty aeroplanes, properly manned, equipped and ready for

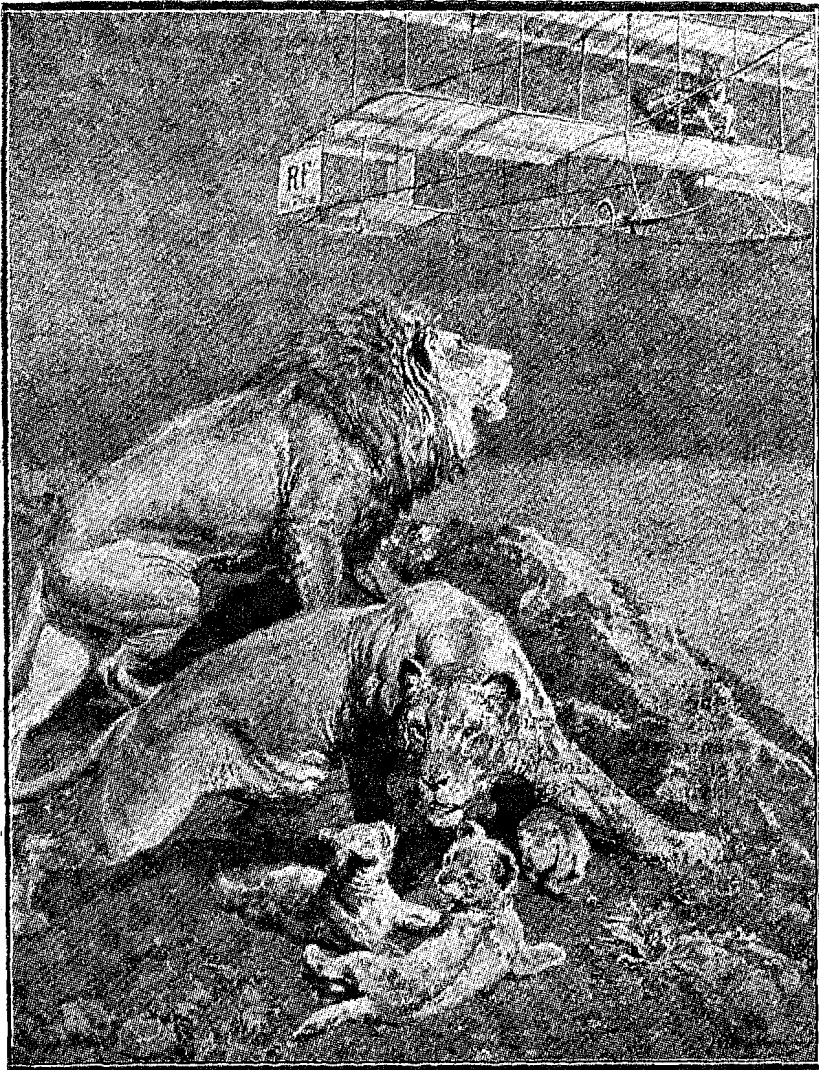
tary pilots. France is, in short, determined to continue building aerial immediate service under trained military aircraft uninterruptedly and to outdistance every possible rival.

"Our policy is very simple," said a military officer. "We wish to be as supreme in the air as England is on the sea. Therefore we have in view a two-power and, if necessary, a three-power aerial standard. We will build two or three airships to every ship built by other nations. Germany may devote herself to Dreadnoughts, we intend to obtain and retain the supremacy of the air."

The Government is prepared to pay a bonus of \$20,000 to any French constructor who will devise an improved type of aeroplane suitable for military purposes. It is stipulated that the new model must be able to carry a dead weight of 666 pounds, and to travel 186 miles without stopping at an average speed of twenty-eight miles an hour.

World going Mad.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, an expert in criminal lunacy, holds out a very unpleasant future for the inhabitants of this terrestrial ball. He says the world is going mad, and states that in 1869 there was in England one lunatic in every 418 persons. Forty years later there was one lunatic for every 278 of the population. In a book, recently published, he says: "By a simple arithmetical calculation can be shown the exact year when there will be more insane persons in the world than sane. We, in England, are gradually approaching, with the decadence of our youth a near proximity to a nation of madmen. By comparing the lunacy statistics of 1869 with those of 1909 four decades having intervened, my reflections are sad indeed. A terrible but real curse is in store, and an insane world is looked forward to by me with certainty in the not far distant future."



The Sahara to be Crossed by a French Aeroplane Service. The French army authorities are now seriously setting about the formation of a military aeroplane service across the Sahara from Algeria to Timbuktu. Recently it was announced that the corps of aviators would work across the desert and fix upon spots where repair shops could be established. The idea is an inviting one; the success of it would depend on the permanent establishment of these repair stations.

Staff-Capt. Goodwin

TELLS HER THRILLING LIFE STORY TO AN INTERVIEWER.

"I have had twenty-three years fighting in Canadian Co I am in good health, and was never happier or loved the fight better than I do now.. Hallelujah."



STANDING by The Army flag to-day is a host of officers who have displayed a courage and a self-sacrifice that the world knows not of. One of those officers is Staff-Captain Alice Goodwin. She has, in all truth, gone "from victory unto victory," and the following sketch of her career, interspersed with stories of many of her trophies, gives full proof of this.

First Impressions.

As a girl in her early teens, she attended the week-night Holiness Meetings in the Clapton Congress Hall. There she received her first desires to really know God, and there she caught The Army spirit.

Before she was twenty she came to Canada. The Salvation Army had not long commenced operations in this territory, that is, with a headquarters in Toronto, but there was a Corps in Kingston where Alice Goodwin lived.

She attended meetings held at an outpost, and one night gave herself to God. Captain Jim Brooks immediately put her name on the soldiers' roll, gave her some War Crys to sell, and orders to conduct meetings at the outpost. Week after week she did this work, until she felt that God wanted her for an Officer. She had read the Commissioner's appeal for officers in a War Cry, and for many weeks noticed when selling her stock of papers that the appeal was still being made.

Called Through the War Cry.

"Consider the need, count the cost, and send in your application to the Commissioner." These words haunted her until she at last did count the cost and made her offer. She was accepted, and received a commission as Cadet.

Her first work consisted of traveling through the Kingston Division with a singing brigad. Having a good voice, Cadet Goodwin sang at every place visited. One of these was a little Corps commanded by Lieut. Taylor (now Major), and only the other day he asked the Staff-Captain if she remembered singing "In spite of the Devil, I'm Nicely Saved." She did.

The First Corps.

The Cadet's first Corps' work was done at Odessa, but at Napanee she had her first taste of the fight. The Captain fell sick, and left the Cadet to toil on alone. She proved herself worthy of her position, and within a few months was promoted to the rank of Captain and sent in charge of Renfrew. Her six months here benefitted the foreign population to a great extent. She visited from door to door, finding Russians, Poles, Italians, Hungarians, and Frenchmen, some of whom received her kindly, while others even dared to show her the gleaming steel of a knife or revolver. However, when she could not get into the houses she always prayed on the doorstep.

Kemptville came next. Among the Captain's successful schemes here was the building of a new Hall. At the opening (conducted by Lieut.-Col. Sharp), twenty-eight souls sought salvation, among them Ensign O'Neil of the U. S. A., and other officers and soldiers still in the war.

An incident which stirred the whole town was the conversion of a brawny blacksmith, a regular terror of the town. He was a drunkard of the lowest type, but to-day he is a Salvationist.

In the Infidel's Hall.

Then came Bedford, Que. On arrival the Captain asked the way to The Army Hall, and was met with the not very encouraging reply from a little

girl that "the Corps (corpse, she said) was locked up!" The Captain felt that this was a good summary of things as they were at the moment. The town was dead; the Captain resolved to bring it to life. And she did.

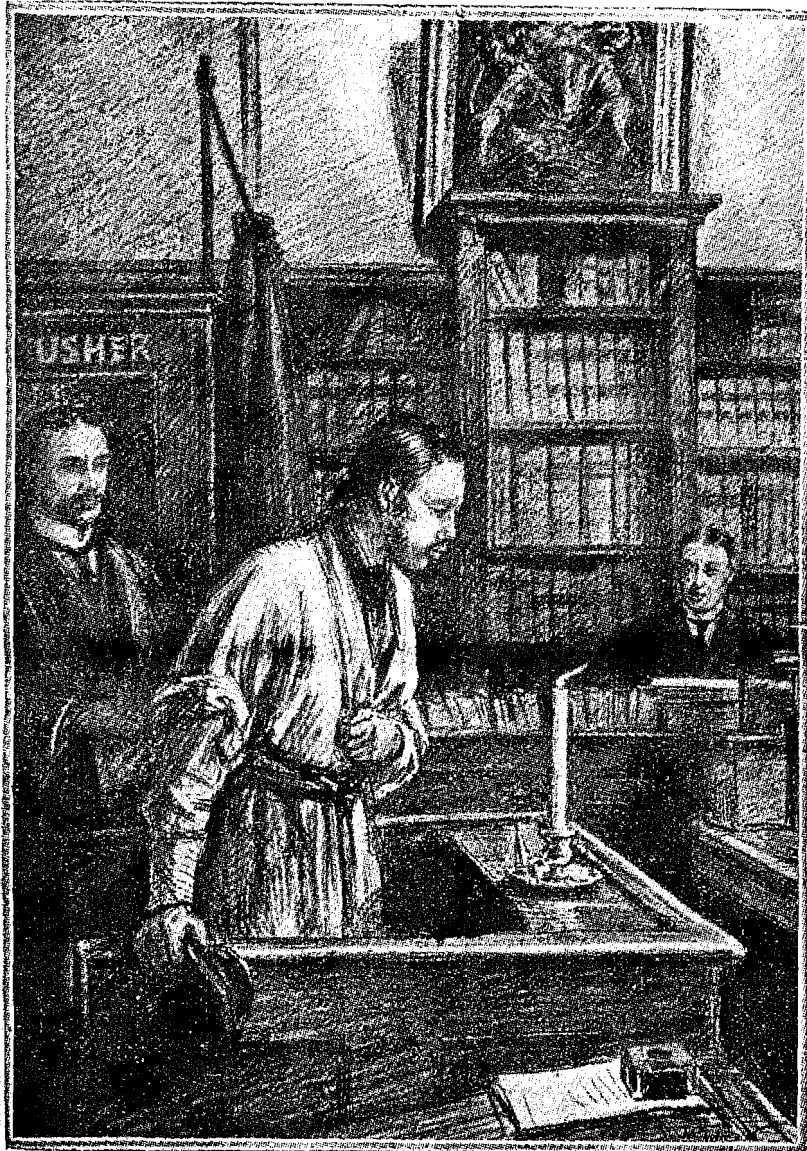
An invitation to visit a neighbouring village was sent to her. The message said that everything in the way of a hall, light, heat, etc., would be provided; only come. The Captain went, and found that the hall was owned and used by a man who had great sway in the village affairs, and he was an infidel. In the fourth meeting that was held in it six men and

It was winter-time. From his cosy apartments a man saw the Captain leading her soldiers along the snow-covered roads to their Hall. "Whatever can they have on at their place to make them come out on the streets on such a day as this," thought the man. He determined that he would find out.

In the Hall the Captain spoke to him. "I'll never come again," were his last words to her. "I believe you will," she replied just before he left the Hall. She was right, and in a few days the man, a professed infidel, came back and got converted. Now, he and his wife are Salvation Soldiers, his daughter is a Corps worker, and his son a J. S. Sergeant.

Of the converts which the Captain had at that time (about seventeen years ago), twenty or more are still in our ranks.

At Cornwall another remarkable conversion took place. Captain Goodwin was sent for by the jail authorities and asked to conduct a meeting under the eel window of a murderer awaiting execution. The meeting was



"May My Soul Be Extinguished as is This Flame." A lighted candle was produced and extinguished by the witness, who took an oath that in the event of his not telling the truth, he hoped his soul would be extinguished as he had extinguished the flame.

women, followers of his man, got saved, while the infidel owner himself sat on the doorstep and listened to the Captain. No infidel meetings were held after that time, for the people flocked to the Captain's Corps, and when she farewelled, between forty and fifty dollars was raised by the loved her to the railway depot. Many of the converts of that time are still to be found in the town.

For about eight months the English Corps in Quebec was under her command. The fight was very hard, neither officers or soldiers daring to march the streets. Loose stones and dead cats seemed to be unaccountably plentiful in those days, and although the Captain never was injured by the roughs, many of her soldiers were, while others lost their employment because they sided with The Army.

"I'll Never Come Back."

Point St. Charles was the Captain's next appointment. One remarkable case of conversion will suffice to show what success attended her efforts there.

he'd, the result being that the man died with the knowledge of sins forgiven.

(To be concluded next week.)

A Hardship on Women.

It is reported that the Queen has consented to receive a petition of the cottage women of England on the subject of hardships imposed on them by the motor traffic. The petitioners number 10,200, and they are all women living on country roads.

They complain that their lives are made miserable by automobiles rushing past, endangering the lives of their children and ruining their household things by dust. They suggest that motors be required to go slowly through villages. The Queen expresses the greatest sympathy with their complaint.

The soul is most certainly immortal and imperishable, and will really exist in the unseen world, taking nothing with it but the discipline gained here. —Socrates.

FERNIE BAND VISITS CRANBROOK

A Good Collection.

The visit of Fernie Band to Cranbrook, B.C., was an all-round success. Everybody was delighted with the music and song that was given during the week-end. The Band arrived in Cranbrook at 2 p.m. and got right down to business by marching down the Main street, headed by Happy, Jim Miller on horseback and Captain Taylor doing the duties of drum major. We then had a short open-air service in front of Cranbrook Hotel. The opera house was occupied by the Band at 8.15 p.m. Among the items rendered to a great audience were two cornet solos by Bandmaster Goodwin, who, by the way, is spoken of as "a prominent musician of the West, the best cornetist west of Winnipeg," a vocal solo by Captain Taylor, a vocal quartette by four Bandsmen, and an instrumental quartette by Bandmaster Goodwin and Bandsmen W. Ratcliffe, F. W. Robinson, and W. Goodwin. The chairman, Mr. G. H. Thompson made a few complimentary remarks on the S. A. and what they had done, are doing, and what they intend to do in Cranbrook. He was amazed at the music given by the Band, and said never before had he heard such a good programme for so small a price. The second musical meeting was given Sunday afternoon, at which the Mayor of the City was Chairman. The programme included three marches, two selections: "Soldier" and "Experience," a cornet solo by Bandsman Gallamore and an instrumental quintette "Bugle Calls," and quartette "Village Chimes," and a vocal duet by Captain and Mrs. Taylor. The Band then journeyed to the Hospital and by the strains of the music cheered the sick. The last meeting of the day came to a close at 10 p.m. Offerings amounted to \$256. How is that for Captain and Mrs. Taylor and a Corps with three soldiers? [Fine.—Ed.]—F. W. R., Band Correspondent.

WELCOMED TO WOODSTOCK.

Woodstock, Ont.—Under Bandmaster Cleave (pro-tem) we have slowly but surely been making advances. Some changes have recently taken place. Bandsman Gordon Eaton has qualified himself for "Deputyship," Bandsman Roderick McLeod has been made Band Secretary, and Bandsman Wm. Phuntree Band Sergeant.

We have welcomed Bandsmen Towns and Branch, who are playing E flat and 1st horn, respectively. Bandsman Turner, our new drummer, is making excellent progress with drum music. He is looking forward to the arrival of a new drum recently ordered. Bandsman John Deadman has taken up trombone. One hundred and fifty soldiers and adherents followed the Band during the last three months. Liabilities are now things of the past.

The No. 3 book has arrived and has the approval of the men.

There are a few instruments waiting for the right kind of Bandsmen. Work is plentiful, and new factories are coming in. We require a competent Bandmaster, and will be pleased to hear from anyone desiring to come to Woodstock.—J. Ogilvie, Ens.

Although not a professor of music, I am deeply interested in the art, and for many years have paid strict attention to the St. Johns No. 1. Nfld. Band. And do not exaggerate when I say that the Band is making rapid progress under Bandmaster Harvey, and Instructor Noseworthy.

Some time ago thirteen new instruments were presented to the Band, these making quite an addition to their forces. There is not only a vast improvement in the music, but a great revival in the number of Bandsmen. There are now between twenty-five and thirty players.

But the most noticeable thing is the spirit of harmony and love that exists among the Bandsmen. As far as Instructor Noseworthy is concerned, he is a man with musical ability, and well qualified to instruct any band. Both he and his two sons play in the Band.—Onlooker.

Lieut.-Governor Fraser Dead.

THE ARMY LOSES A WARM FRIEND.



The Salvation Army has lost a warm friend by the death of Lieut.-Governor Fraser. He entertained the General on his last visit to Halifax, and in various ways he has shown his admiration for the organization and his respect for our leaders.

On the Commissioner receiving a telegram from Staff-Captain Jennings to the effect that the Hon. D. C. Fraser was dead, he at once sent this message to Mrs. Fraser:

"Just heard of the death of your beloved husband, the Lieut.-Governor. Let me assure you of the deepest sympathy of myself and the entire Salvation Army in this dark hour. God will not fail you. Underneath are the Everlasting arms.

"Commissioner Coombs."

The Hon. Mr. Fraser had been in poor health, but recently had somewhat improved. He, however, took a sudden turn for the worse on September 26th, and passed away on the day following: He was born at New Glasgow, N.S., Oct. 1, 1845, and was educated at Dalhousie University, Halifax, where he obtained his B.A. degree in 1872 and was called to the bar in 1873. He practised in New Glasgow, of which place he was twice elected Mayor. Called to the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia in February, 1878, he at the same time entered the Government, but resigned in September of the same year to become a candidate for the Assembly. He was again called to the Legislative and Executive Councils in February, 1888, when he became leader of the Government in the former body. He continued to hold these positions up to the Dominion general election of 1891, when he was returned for Guysboro' to the House of Commons. He sat throughout the Parliament, and was re-elected at the general election of 1896. He was known from one end of the Dominion to the other, and was universally respected for his qualities of head and heart.

The stones the Devil throws at you can, by God's help, become stepping stones by which you can climb upwards.

Spiritual Conceit.

By COLONEL S. L. BRENGLE.



HOSE who have not the Holy Spirit, or who do not heed Him, fall easily and naturally into formalism, substituting lifeless ceremonies, sacraments, and ritualistic performances for the free, glad, living worship inspired by the indwelling Spirit. But, on the other hand, those who receive the Holy Spirit may fall into fanaticism, unless they follow the command of John to "try the spirits, whether they are of God."

The higher and more intense the life, the more carefully must it be guarded, lest it be endangered and go astray. It is so in the natural world, and likewise in the spiritual world.

When Satan can no longer rock people to sleep with religious lullabies, or satisfy them with the lifeless form, then he comes as an angel of light, probably in the person of some professor or teacher of religion, and seeks to usurp the place of the Holy Spirit; but instead of leading "into all truth," he leads the unwary soul into deadly error.

Stripped of Pride.

When the Holy Spirit comes in His fullness, He strips men of their self-righteousness and pride and conceit. They see themselves as the chief of sinners, and realize that only through the stripes of Jesus are they healed; and ever after, as they live in the Spirit, their boast is in Him and their glory is in the Cross.

Remembering the hole of the pit from which they were digged, they are filled with tender pity for all who are out of the way; and, while they do not excuse or belittle sin, yet they are slow to believe evil, and their judgments are full of charity.

But the man who has been snared by Satan forgets his own past miserable state, and boasts of his righteousness, and thanks God that he was never as other men, and he begins to beat his fellow-servants with heavy denunciations, and thrust them through with sharp criticisms, and pelt them with hard words. He ceases to pity, and begins to condemn; he no longer warns and entreats men in tender love, but is quick to believe evil, and swift to pass judgment, not only upon their actions, but upon their motives as well.

True charity has no fellowship with deeds of darkness. It never calls evil good, it does not wink at iniquity, but it is as far removed from this sharp, condemning spirit as light is from darkness.

A humble, teachable mind marks those in whom the Holy Spirit dwells. They esteem very highly in love those who are over them in the Lord, and are glad to be admonished by them. They submit themselves one to the other in the fear of the Lord, welcome instruction and correction, and esteem open rebuke better than secret love. They believe that God has yet many things to say unto them, and they are willing and glad for Him to say them by whom He will, but especially by their leaders and their brethren. While they do not fawn and cringe before men, nor believe everything that is said to them, without proving it by the Word

and Spirit of God, they believe that God has appointed ministers, and are ready to receive His Word from them.

Satan's Deadly Work.

But Satan seeks to destroy all this lowliness of spirit and humbleness of mind. Those in whom his deadly work has begun are "wiser in their own conceit than seven men that can render a reason." They are wiser than all their teachers, and no man can instruct them. Paul, Luther, and Wesley were much troubled, and their work greatly hurt, by some of these misguided souls, and every great spiritual Awakening is likely to be marred more or less by such people.

It is this huge conceit that has led some men to announce themselves as apostles and prophets to whom all men must listen, or fall under the wrath of God, while others have declared that they were living in resurrection bodies and should not die; and yet others have reached that pitch of fanaticism where they could calmly proclaim themselves to be the Messiah, or the Holy Ghost in bodily form.

The Holy Spirit may lead to a holy rivalry in love and humility and brotherly kindness and self-denial and good works, but He never leads men into the swelling conceit of such exclusive knowledge and superior wisdom that they can no longer be taught by their fellow-men.

Conviction With Tolerant.

Again, the man who is filled with the Spirit is tolerant of those who differ from him in opinion, in doctrine. He is firm in his own convictions, and ready at all times with meekness and fear to explain and defend the doctrines which he holds and is convinced are according to God's Word, but he does not condemn and consign to damnation all those who differ from him.

But when Satan comes as an angel of light he will, under guise of love for and loyalty to the truth, introduce the spirit of intolerance. It was this spirit that crucified Jesus; that burned Hus and Cranmer at the stake; that strangled Savonarola; that inspired the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the horrors of the Inquisition; and it is the same spirit, in a milder but possibly more subtle form, that blinds the eyes of many professing Christians to any good in those who differ from them in doctrine, forms of worship, or methods of government. They murder love to protect what they often blindly call truth.

The body is necessary to our life in this world, but life can exist in a deformed and even mutilated body; and such a body with life in it is better than the most perfect body that is only a corpse.

So, while truth is most precious, and sound doctrine to be esteemed more than silver and gold, yet love can exist where truth is not held in its most perfect and complete forms, and love is the one thing needful.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

The Holy Ghost begets a spirit of

unity among Christians. People who have been sitting behind their sectarian fences in self-complacent ease, or proud indifference, or proselytizing zeal, or grim defiance, are suddenly lifted above the fence, and find sweet fellowship with each other, when He comes into their hearts.

The Bond of All.

They delight in each other's society; they each esteem others better than themselves, and in honour they prefer one another before themselves. It is for this that the Holy Spirit works in the hearts of those who receive Him. But Satan ever seeks to destroy this holy love and divine unity. When he comes, he arouses suspicions, he stirs up strife, he quenches the spirit of intercessory prayer, he engenders backbitings, and causes separations.

After enumerating various Christian graces, and urging the Colossians to put them on, Paul adds: "And above all these things, put on charity," or love, "which is the bond of perfectness." These graces were garments, and love was the girdle which bound and held them together; and so love is the bond that holds true Christians together.

Divine love is the great test by which we are to try ourselves and all teachers and spirits.

Love is not puffed up. Love is not bigoted. Love is not intolerant. Love is not schismatic. Love is loyal to Jesus and to all His people. If we have this love shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, we shall discern the voice of our Good Shepherd, and we shall not be deceived by the voice of the stranger; and so we shall be saved from both formalism and fanaticism.

United States.

A novel method for augmenting the funds of the Corps at Sioux City, U. S. A., was recently adopted by some of the soldiers. A newspaper announcement of the scheme says:

"The Army has accepted the offer of W. J. Klise, proprietor of the Metropolitan drug-store, and Friday will be Salvation Army day at the drug-store. The Army lassies will officiate at the soda-fountain and in the ice-cream parlor. All the profits will be turned over to The Army."

Staff-Captain Bertha Vinkvist, of the Eastern Scandinavian Staff, has been appointed to Denmark, to serve in a secretarial capacity to Commissioner Mrs. Booth Hellberg.

South America.

During his coming visit to Chile and Peru, Commissioner Cosandey will stop at Cerro de Paso, which is the highest village in the world, standing, as it does, 14,200 feet above sea-level.

Colonel Bates, we gather from the latest mail, was well received by the Soldiers and friends of Buenos Ayres.

A United Open-Air Meeting, at which the Colonel spoke, was held in the Plaza Constitution, and seven people knelt in the ring for Salvation.

At Bahia Blanca, where Colonel Bates gave an address on "Three Thousand Miles on Salvation Army Service," the platform supporters included Mr. C. C. Cumming, the British Vice-Consul, and the Minister of the American Church.

Captain Henry Tutte and Ensign Willey are to be married at Dauphin, Manitoba, on October 19th.

THE WAR CRY.

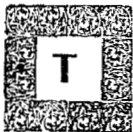
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Notes and Reflections.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

ABOUT OUR LOSSES.



HERE is no doubt whatever that The Army loses from time to time valuable workers, both Officers and Soldiers.

Some grow weary, and go away to rest. Others are tired of the perpetual strain which much of our work involves—strain, that is, of all the powers of mind and heart, as well as of nerve and body—and lay down the weapons of their warfare. Others grow cold. Of these, some are much to be sympathized with. Their coldness is not at first very pronounced, but it weakens their sense of unity with their Leaders. The warmth of sympathy with their Comrades, which was such a force in their lives, grows cooler, the compassion they felt for the souls of men fades away under other influences; and although they are not yet conscious of giving up faith, they find the fight too fierce, or its cost too high, and they give it up for an easier path.

Others go away because of the attraction of the world. They say openly that their views have changed; they no longer feel as they once felt. Things which they formerly despised have begun to charm, and, without being exactly worldly in the hostile sense, the world with its promises of future advantage or its pleasure seeking or its money making attracts them, and so they go away. It is with them as it was with one long ago, of whom the Apostle wrote: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed."

And then we lose others from the breakdown of their own purpose, or their own consecration. They are not strong enough in themselves or in God to withstand some sore trial or dark temptation which meets them, and they fall before it; and then we must send them away, or they draw away, and in self-defence or self-exercise they say that The Army has changed, or that its Leaders are unfaithful, or that they have received unjust treatment, or other equally mistaken and equally unkind things. We do not answer and defend, we think it is better to suffer even slander and calumny than to contend. We remember that the Master Himself when He was reviled, reviled not again.

Now some people think, or profess to think, that all this is a sign of The Army's own weakness. I do not. On the contrary, I believe that such losses, and the pain and sorrow they entail, are inevitable, and that they are rather a sign of the divinity of its work and the Christlikeness of

both the principles which control it and the methods of their application. It seems to me that the Apostle puts the true position with regard to the matter as kindly as he can, when he says of those who acted towards the infant societies he was striving to build up very much in the same way, for very much the same reasons: "They went out from us, but they were not of us, for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us; but they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us."

Moreover, so far from being surprised that such things should be, I take it that they always have been ever since Christianity was born, and that indeed it would be a far greater surprise if they were not so. No man with eyes in his head can look back upon the history of Jesus Christ's religion without finding the whole pathway of its progress strewn with evidences of the same kind of thing, from the day that Jesus Christ Himself was sold and bartered by one of His own to the wretched priests of the old faith, or from the still darker day which followed when, in the hour of His direst need and agony, it is written that they, His chosen disciples, all forsook Him and fled.

I sometimes wish that some of my dear Comrades whose hearts are torn by these deflections and backslidings could know something more of the fight with unfaithfulness and cruelty and Heathendom which was waged by the early followers of Christ. Over and over again in the scanty records which remain to us of the long drawn out battle of that first hundred or two hundred years after the death of Jesus, there arises, like a wall from broken hearts, the cry of anguish on account of the backslidings and forsakings and betrayals of those days. Men not only forsook, but denounced their own flesh and blood to the persecutors. Men fled who had sworn to be true. Men who held high office in the infant Church, torn in the hour of trial, or tempted in the hour of prosperity, turned and renounced the trust they had pledged to keep, and often dragged whole communities of those who had trusted them back into the vortex of vice and idolatry, or quite as often brought upon groups of the faithful ones indescribable cruelties of persecution to the death.

And yet, in spite of all this, the new faith lived, and grew, and spread; the name of Christ went forth; hope in Christ became a new reason for human life, and the peace, and mercy, and gentleness of Christ struggled forward in the world, until it not only triumphed over its persecutors, notwithstanding the glory of

which is a number of stories of Salvation Army converts, the Methodist Times says: "That story in itself—'The Puncher, a Converted Prize-Fighter'—is almost worth all the Christian apologetics published since the art of printing was invented. If the Secularists could produce a single parallel to this 'Miracle of Grace' their position would be tremendously strengthened." Just so. We should

like also our readers to read the life story of Staff-Captain Goodwin, part of which is contained in this issue. It shows admirably the miracles of saving grace, and also the Heaven-blessed opportunities that The Army affords to young men and women for doing good. Let us make use of this lever to lift people up from the slough of indifference and to set them thinking about their souls.

their proud and glittering power, but won't them over to be its protectors and disciples.

But even if this were not so I should still feel that the trials and losses experienced by The Army often have in them hidden blessings of the greatest potency, and hidden sweetness, which God's own finger has touched and sanctified. Jesus Christ Himself was most powerful for us and the world on the day of His shameful death, and in the hours when the dark experience of desertion by those in whom He had trusted swept over His soul. Let us remember that, and let us remember, also, that He has left us an example that we should follow in His steps, and has called us into unity and fellowship in His sufferings for the world.

The great purpose of The Salvation Army is to save. It is for this we fight; it is for this we suffer; nay, it is for this we exist. Our Master and great Example seems to have found that the only road to achieve that great work was by the road of suffering. The whole story of His triumph seems to say: "If you would be a saviour you must be crucified." How true it has been of us! Indeed, one may say that from the very beginning to the present day, in every land in which we have lifted up our hands for God, this has been our experience. The Salvation Army was born crucified. If it is to remain alive and powerful, it must go on being crucified. If it is to ultimately triumph it must be from the Cross of suffering for the world that it ascends to the Throne and Crown.

Then do not let us complain because, like our Master, we are sometimes forsaken by those we would so gladly have kept with us in the struggle; or because, like Him, we are sometimes betrayed, denied, and denounced by those who promised so loudly to be true to the Cause; or because, taking advantage of our rule of silence, they sometimes say of us what is not kind or even true. Let us submit and take care to be true ourselves. Let us carry our own heavy cross as He carried His, and go steadily on with our great work of dying daily for those around us, as He went on with His. It will no doubt sometimes seem in the eyes of men a weak and foolish thing to do. But the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men. To Him be glory.

BRAMWELL BOOTH.

IDEALS.

Live with noble thoughts; read only what elevates the taste; keep before you the best ideals. By degrees the taste for what is low will pass from you. The man who gives himself to Shakespeare will not be content with empty, foolish, perhaps demoralizing, plays. The man who lives with Dante and Milton, with Wordsworth and Tennyson will not admire unchivalrous conduct, and will scorn the life which wins gain by the sacrifice of honor. So with religion. The man who lives with Christ, thinks the thoughts of Christ, drinks of the Spirit of Christ, will hardly tolerate the presence of a selfish spirit. His heart will be full of what is better; and the love of Christ will constrain him in all things.—The Bishop of Ripon.

INDIFFERENCE.

There are things worse than persecution. Things that are harder to bear and infinitely more damaging. Perhaps this is especially so in connection with the work of God. At any rate if the following extract from an English newspaper be true, it is time for those who are desirous of seeing the Kingdom of God advance to wake up and to wake others up. The Salvation Army as well. This is the extract:

Considerable uneasiness is felt among the more thoughtful members of the Churches owing to the sustained decline in membership. This decline has been going on for some little while, but recently has shown a marked growth. It is not confined to one church or one creed. Methodists share it with Congregationalists. I doubt if the Catholic Church, despite its active campaign among English-speaking people, has made up for the losses caused by the lapses of Irish Catholics settling in this country. The Church of England, managed to-day with greater devotion, skill, and wisdom than ever, finds itself in district after district fighting for its life. The great preacher can anywhere command large crowds, but the average churches find their tendency downwards. Why is this? Some blame the higher criticism, some the lack of adaptation to modern conditions on the part of the Churches themselves. Some tell us that the Churches must revolutionize their methods, transform their services, sweep away many of their old-style ecclesiastical buildings, and cater for the crowds after the changing manner of a modern amusement provider. This would be right enough if the main provision of the Churches were to provide entertainment for the people. Otherwise it is not. A few blame the wealth of the Churches, but anyone who knows anything of Church life is aware that the modern preacher of the Gospel is the most poorly paid of all trained professional men. A generation ago when the Churches had to face the determined attack of a rising and aggressive Agnosticism they flourished. To-day they are faced with a more dangerous peril—sheer, stark, indifference.

There is no doubt in our minds that the so-called higher criticism has had a great deal to do with the loss of faith on the part of the people in eternal things, and consequently they have become indifferent to them. Those who utter their empty speculations, we observe, are very free in declaring that they do not touch essentials, but the sediment that settles down to the man in the street from the study and the classroom, is a naked attack on the great Divine truths no longer enveloped in the sophistries and windy verbiage of the professors. This has shaken the faith of the unlearned in the old, and given them nothing more substantial in its place.

What is wanted now is the shattering of this indifference and the establishing of faith in the Divine. The Salvation Army has a lever to do this that perhaps is possessed in equal power by no other religious organization. It is the miracles of grace that abound in our ranks, a sample of which is to be found in the report of last Sunday's meetings at Earls Court. In its review of that book entitled "Broken Earthenware,"

PERSONALITIES.

The Chief Secretary is conducting the stone-laying ceremony in connection with the new Citadel at Dovercourt on Saturday, October 1st. The Hon. T. Crawford will lay the stone.

On Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 28, Lieut.-Col. Pugmire started on his journey to Washington, D.C., where he will attend the great Prison Congress. The Colonel had as his fellow-traveller Warden Gilmour of the Central Prison.

Lieut.-Col. Turner is announced to visit Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., on October 16th.

At the present time the Colonel is arranging plans with Major Moore of Montreal for the securing of funds for a much-needed Citadel at Brockville, Ont.

Lieut.-Col. Turner, in addition to the Subscribers' Department, will temporarily have the oversight of the Young People's work, and the other branches of that Department. Our comrade will have his hands full, but then we all know Lieut.-Col. Turner is a first-class hustler.

Brigadier Hargrave, of Montreal, paid a flying visit to T. H. Q. on Wednesday, Sept. 28th.

Our Bothwell correspondent writes: "Colonel Chandler was here on Saturday night, Sept. 24th. We had a fine meeting; everybody was delighted with the new Divisional Commander." The Colonel is evidently determined to see a few "things Canadian" in the country districts before he comes to the Queen City on October 9th.

Major Phillips, who is in charge of our Men's social work in the West, has been appointed a member of the Executive Committee of the Juvenile Protection Association, also a member of the Protestant Children's Aid Society. The Major thus became eligible for a place on the Advisory Board of the Juvenile Delinquent Court. To that place he has been elected.

Major Attwell, who has charge of our Printing Department at T. H. Q., enters upon his twentieth year as an Army Officer this month. He entered the International Training College on the day previous to the burial of our Army Mother, Mrs. General Booth.

Staff-Captains Fraser and White conducted meetings at the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory on Sunday, Sept. 25th. The meetings were more than usually impressive, and altogether about 80 prisoners expressed their desire to start to serve God.

Captain Alice Boorman has recovered from her attack of scarlet fever, but is still unable to return to the battle's front where she longs to be.

Andrew, the eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Adamson, has been awarded a gold medal for the highest percentage of marks gained while at school in Chatham, Ont. Andrew is thirteen years of age. Last year he won a gold medal for excellence in his studies.

COL. and MRS. MAPP
AT EARLSCOURT.Members of the Headquarters Staff and the
Divisional Songsters Assist.

A SPLENDID DAY AND FIVE SOULS AT THE MERCY SEAT.



AST Sunday, Colonel and Mrs. Mapp, with Brigadiers Bond and Morehen, Major Turpin, a number of the Headquarters Staff, and the Divisional Songsters spent the day at Toronto's baby corps—Earlscourt.

It was a lovely day, and this charming suburb on the northern heights of Toronto—delightful for situation—with its woods and splendid trees tinged with autumnal tints was very pleasing; while the tarpapered shacks and skeletons of homes in the making, those embryonic workingmen's castles, filled one with deep joy to behold.

Earlscourt, as a community, is in its early dawn. It is about nine months ago that The Army opened fire in the neighborhood, but it has more than 40 soldiers, and a vigorous little band of about a dozen players. The meetings were held in a tent, but Captain Ruston gleefully informed us that the following Monday night would be the last meeting held under canvas, as on Tuesday "Strike tents" would be the order, and on the site would be forthwith erected a commodious hall for the Corps. The site is an admirable one, and it is hoped that before winter comes on the Corps will be comfortably housed in its own hall.

On the way to Earlscourt we passed the new Citadel that is being erected for the Dovercourt Corps, another indication of the progress that The Army is making in the Queen City.

It was the Harvest Festival celebration, and the platform in the tent was appropriately decorated. A nice crowd assembled, and a most melting and hallowed holiness meeting was held.

It was the first time that the writer has been in a meeting in which the Divisional Songsters took part, and we were delighted with them. To begin with, the uniform is singularly tasteful and becoming, being dark blue dresses with upright collars and shoulders of dark red trimmed with white; just the right amount and correct note of colour to be effective, while their singing is very attractive and impressive. We congratulate the Divisional Commander, Brigadier Morehen, on having organized such a useful brigade, and Brother Willie Nicol, the leader, on its efficiency. In the holiness meeting their singing greatly contributed to the blessed influence that prevailed, especially the singing of "Take Time to Be Holy."

The Editor gave an inspiring little talk and a clean-cut testimony to the possession of a clean heart and a consecrated life. Mrs. Mapp gave a very instructive Bible reading upon that glorious old idyll—Ruth and Naomi. The Chief Secretary, who conducted the meeting, brought the proceedings to a very useful finish by a general consecration. It was a very tender, mellowing little meeting, and its influence will live.

In the afternoon the Colonel delivered his very interesting lecture on the Salvation Army, and a large crowd assembled. The chair was taken by Alderman Spence, who made an ideal chairman. He was gracefully introduced by Brigadier Morehen, and most cordially received by those present, and in no uncertain terms he spoke of the good work that The Army was doing, and of the high place that it held in the estimation of those who are responsible for the well being of communities and by public men generally. He had met The Army in many places throughout the Dominion, and everywhere the same opinion was held as to the beneficial work it was carrying on. He had seen that a permit had been obtained for the erection of a hall: he was delighted that The Army had become established in the Ward, and he wished it every prosperity.

Prior to the Chairman's address, Bro. and Sister Nicol sang a salvation song with good effect. The Colonel's address was a fine review of The Army's principles and achievements interspersed with some striking personal experiences, and was listened to with rapt attention. Prior to the afternoon meeting the Colonel addressed the Juniors, and before the night's meeting addressed a meeting of the Bandsmen and Locals.

At the evening's open-air meeting a testimony was given by the Colour-Sergeant which shows how effectually The Salvation Army carries on its old work in the old way.

The Colour-Sergeant is a fine well-set-up man in the prime of life, evidently very intelligent and nicely spoken; he is a barber by occupation. His story is this: For many years he had been a slave to the drink. This had brought about an estrangement between himself and his wife; he was out of employment, in ill health, and penniless and despondent, he contemplated putting an end to his wretched life. When in this mood he saw, one evening the comrades at Earlscourt carrying the drum to the open-air meeting. Something seemed to urge him to go to The Salvation Army. He attended the meeting, and was led to cast himself upon God for Salvation.

He told his wretched story to the Captain, who gave him encouragement and the price of a bed at the Army Metropole down-town. He went to the Metropole, and the next morning habit took him to a sa'oon, but no sooner had he entered than he remembered the night before, and his promise to the Captain that he would come to him early on the Monday morning. He made his way to the Quarters at Earlscourt, and got there before eight o'clock in the morning. The Captain and his dear wife, like Good Samaritans, took him in and fed and lodged him for a week until he pulled himself round, which he did, so that on Sunday last he stood in the open air, his eye clear, his skin ruddy, and wearing the neat Army

uniform a veritable trophy of God's grace and the power of human kindness. He is now earning a good living and striving to make all restitution and reparation that he can. This should be a great comfort and inspiration to the comrades fighting at Earlscourt. God bless them.

A splendid audience filled the tent for the night's meeting, and a most enjoyable and red-hot salvation meeting was held. The Songster Brigade sang special harvest songs, and Songsters Mapp and Henderson sang a duet very sweetly and effectively. Ensign Stitt told the story of his conversion very impressively, and made a stirring appeal to young men to decide for Christ.

The Colonel's Bible reading and address was a whole-souled and searching exposition of the Scriptures and an impassioned tender entreaty for the sinful and indifferent to serve God. In the prayer-meeting five men and women sought the Saviour.

It was a very enjoyable day, and there is no doubt of a great future for The Army at Earlscourt.

Given up to God and the
War.Two Young People at Territorial Headquarters Farewell for the
Training College.

A very mellowing noon-day prayer-meeting took place at Headquarters last week. These seasons of prayer for the blessing of God upon The Army at large, and our dear comrades out on the field in particular, are very refreshing and uplifting generally to those who are privileged to take part in them, but the specially moving feature of this occasion was the farewelling for the Training College of Candidate Satya Mapp, the eldest child of our Chief Secretary, and Candidate Bessie Walter, the youngest child of Adjutant Mrs. Walter. The two young people spoke very feelingly, and announced their intention of being true to their vows and to the service of God.

The Chief Secretary also spoke and told how that when his daughter's papers were placed before him he asked himself this question: "After all his years of service, and knowing so much of The Army as he did, if his candidate's papers were before him, would he sign them? His heart answered gladly that he would, and also that he gladly gave up his daughter to do as he had done. He also reminded us that Adjutant Walter needed our prayers, that while he had his wife and his other children to comfort him, Adj. Walter was left alone. We praised God for the grace given to this mother to lay her last on the altar for service. Perhaps there are other parents shirking the Cross in this respect. Take it up, comrades, the blessing lies under it."

Captain Adams, the Commanding Officer, of Lethbridge, Alta., was recently asked by a gentleman of the town for "a little information concerning The General," who proved to be the central figure of a lecture entitled "Lives of Great Men," which the gentleman delivered in town.

Colonel Lamb is sailing from England for Canada on October 7th. Many Emigration Department matters will occupy the short time he will stay in Toronto.

THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

The Fire Burns High at the Corps.

HARVEST FESTIVAL SUNDAY WAS A GREAT SUCCESS.

Let Everyone Push on for God and the War.

GREAT DOINGS AT

NORTH SYDNEY

Major McLean Present.

North Sydney, C.B., has been favoured with another visit from Major McLean. On Friday all the Cape Breton Officers met for council. The D. C.'s address on "Soul Saving" was very instructive to each Officer. Ensign Ritchie's new solo caught on well. Every Officer regretted to learn from the Major of our Commissioner's illness. A wire of sympathy from the Council was sent to Him.

On Saturday Captain Hiles conducted his lantern service, while the Major and "the man from down home" went to Sydney for a special meeting, which was a success. At least one would say so, for Ensign Meeks was all smiles.

Sunday found the D. C. again at North Sydney. The best crowd that we have had for some time turned out at 7 a.m. Everyone felt that Heaven was getting nearer. After the Major's address on Holiness, two souls came for the blessing and one for salvation. The afternoon was spent in a real old-time free-and-easy meeting. One soul sought salvation. At night we had a crowded house. One soul came forward.—Dick Mott.

LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. TURNER AT THE TORONTO TEMPLE

Temple Corps, Toronto.—Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Turner, assisted by Staff-Captain White and Ensign and Mrs. Coy, conducted the Harvest Festival Sunday meetings. The theme of the day was thanksgiving for the completion of another harvest, the addresses of the Colonel, Mrs. Turner's Bible readings, and the music and song all sounded out a note of praise to God for His goodness during another year.

Between the afternoon and night meetings the Colonel met the Bandsmen and gave them a talk which they enjoyed.

At night, the Temple was well filled. Great liberty of speech was given to the Colonel as he delivered an address on the day of God's wrath, or the last harvest. In the prayer meeting, led by Staff-Captain White, a man and a woman sought salvation.

MAN AND WIFE GOT SAVED.

Dresden.—The week-end meetings were conducted by Captain Backus. The meetings were bright and interesting. We had good crowds and finances; three souls claimed pardon on Sunday night. Among the number were a man and wife.—Lieutenant for Captain.

SIX SEEKERS

In Soldiers' and Ex-Soldiers' Meeting.

The meetings during the last week at Halifax II. were well attended. On Sunday night we had Ensign and Mrs. Weir with us also Captain Turner. One soul found pardon and has since returned and given God the glory. Thursday night's meeting was led by Ensign and Mrs. Green. Friday night Major and Mrs. McLean assisted by the city and Dartmouth Officers, conducted a soldiers' meeting, to which ex-soldiers were also invited. The Major spoke on "Spiritual Welfare." At the close six souls came forward for salvation and sanctification. We are looking forward to having the Major and his wife with us again in the near future. All day the following Sunday God's spirit was very near. At the close of the Holiness meeting a brother laid his all on the altar. Our night's meeting was well attended.—Peter.

MEETINGS FOR RAILWAY WORKERS

Montreal II.—On Sunday night, 25th September, the wife of one of the soldiers knelt at the Mercy Seat. It did us good to see the husband praying for and with his wife, who we believe got nicely saved.

We have also to report good times at the noonday meetings held on Thursdays at the Grand Trunk workshop gates. Last week the meeting was taken by Major Taylor of the men's metropole, and next week the meeting will be taken by Staff-Captain Bloss. The men seem to enjoy the meetings, and we believe they are proving a blessing to more than one who has listened.—E. F.

CAPTURED AT LAST.

Medicine Hat, Alta.—A man, after fourteen years of travelling from city to city, across the line and in Canada, was at last captured here through an open-air meeting. He tried to get away from the Spirit of God, but could not. God has done a great work in his heart, and this man is now taking a bold stand for God.

Candidate Hardy has farewelled for the Training Home. One soul farewelled from sin.—Interested.

MIRACLES AT SYDNEY MINES.

Sydney Mines.—We are all alive and fighting under the command of Captain McLean. On September 7th we had with us our Divisional Commander, Major McLean, who gave us his lecture on past and present miracles. At the close of the meeting three souls knelt at the Mercy seat and claimed the miracle-working grace of God.

A GO-AHEAD CORPS.

Welcome Soldiers' Meeting.

Fredericton.—Under the leadership of Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove this Corps is still making splendid progress. Souls are being converted, and a number are being made into Soldiers. We are gaining ground. The building has lately undergone some extensive repairs, and the Officers' quarters are now nicely furnished.

We have recently had a visit from Envoy Gerow, who conducted the week-end meetings. One soul was converted.

On Wednesday night we had a Welcome Soldiers' meeting and tea for Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove, who have just returned from a ten-days' furlough. About sixty comrades sat down to tea, and a profitable time was spent. The Harvest Festival effort has been launched amidst great enthusiasm, and a splendid victory is being looked for.—Local.

FAREWELLED FOR TRAINING COLLEGE

Truro.—We have had a visit from our D. O.'s, Major and Mrs. McLean. The Major lectured on "Past and Present Miracles." Ensign Meikle has returned, after spending a short furlough in Ontario. Cadet Riley, who has assisted the Ensign for the past six months, farewelled on Sunday. She goes to the Toronto Training College. We all unite in wishing the Cadet God-speed.

Captain Butler returns to assist with the work here.

The Officers and Comrades now conduct weekly meetings at the Poor House. These meetings are much enjoyed. We are in the midst of our Harvest Festival Effort. Of course we mean to smash our target.—One Interested.

WHY THE MEETING WENT WITH A SWING

Winnipeg II.—Sunday, Sept. 18th, was a time of great blessing. The free and easy meeting went with a swing, as it generally does when Captain Plester brings out his different instruments. In the salvation meeting we had with us Staff-Captain McAmmond and Brother Herringshaw. The Staff-Captain took the lesson and spoke with power from the words "Never a Man Spake Like This Man."

Two brothers sought pardon of sins.—A. F.

ONE SOUL REDEEMED.

Brampton.—Our hall was tastefully decorated for our H. F. services, which were conducted by Lieutenant Clayton of T. H. Q. The Soldiers rallied well, and we felt God's presence from early morning till late at night. Attendances were good. At the close of the night meeting one young man got soundly converted.—W. Paddle.

Dartmouth.—Our 7 o'clock kneedril on Sunday last was a record one for attendance. Morning and afternoon meetings were conducted by Rev. T. Scott, B.A., and Deacon P. W. Houghton, D.D. Ensign and Mrs. Weir of Halifax held the fort at night.—Peter.

LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. PUGMIRE AT LONDON II.

Major McGillivray and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Williams Assist.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Pugmire conducted the Harvest Festival services at London II. The beautiful little Citadel was most tastefully decorated for the special Thanksgiving services. There was an abundant display of fruits, vegetables, etc.

The services were more than usually interesting, and it is said that the audiences were the largest ever seen at The Army meetings in that part of London. Both afternoon and night the hall was filled.

The addresses of Mrs. Pugmire and the Colonel were made a great help and blessing to the soldiers and people; also the Colonel's solos. The visible spiritual results were four souls at the Mercy Seat. Major and Mrs. McGillivray, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Williams, Bandmaster Downing from Windsor, and Brother Falle rendered splendid assistance. The offerings were more than trebled. Captain Skipworth and Lieut. Bert Pugmire are doing a grand work, and the Corps is in a prosperous condition.

TARGET DEMOLISHED.

Collingwood.—Our Harvest Festival target of \$110 has been completely smashed. Both Soldiers and friends did excellent work. The special H. F. services were conducted by Capt. Raymer from Orillia. In the Holiness Meeting one soul came out for consecration. A good crowd assembled at night and listened attentively to the Captain's address.

On Monday night Mr. Findlay sold by auction the vegetables, etc.

Our Band is making progress. Good work could be found for a few Bandsmen. Write Captain Bowness, Box 51.—War Cor.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SIMS AT WYCHWOOD

Wychwood.—Staff-Captain Sims conducted the Harvest Festival Sunday meetings. Captain Clark and Cadet Smith assisted all day. The Band and Songsters rendered yeoman service, of which the Staff-Captain speaks most highly. One soul sought forgiveness of sins. A well-decorated hall gave the finishing touch to a Sunday which had much of the Harvest atmosphere and spirit.

NOT ON THE MAP, BUT NOT DEAD

Glen Vowell, B.C.—We have said farewell to Adj. and Mrs. Thorkildson, and welcomed Ensign and Mrs. Sharp and Lieut. Law.

We have had some good meetings since their arrival. On Sunday six backsliders came back and found the Saviour as the same Redeemer. The comrades are praying for a revival this winter. You watch us; we're not dead even if we are not on the map.—W.

Captain W. Brown led the Harvest Festival meetings at Bothwell. The attendance was good. The hall was suitably decorated.

BEER ON THE DRUMHEAD.

Three Souls Saved.

Harvest Festival is in full swing at Uxbridge. Soldiers and converts have all taken an interest in the effort, and are doing their best to make it a success.

Two of our converts have already handed in their targets—smashed!

On Friday, September 16th, a wagonload of our Soldiers, with flag and drum, drove to Port Perry, where an agricultural fair was being held. They were joined on their arrival by our officers, who had gone on the day before. They lost no time in getting to work, and while the crowd was waiting for dinner, treated them to some real salvation talks and songs. During the day three meetings were held, large, interested crowds attending each.

At the night meeting someone threw a bottle of beer on the drumhead. The beer was seized by Bro. Potter, and he, after singing "The Devil and His Furniture Are All Cast Out" dashed the bottle to the ground. A poor fellow who came to look for it had to be told that it was gone forever.

Finances for the day amounted to over \$20.00, which amount goes toward our H. F. target. Three souls have recently been saved.—Simon.

STRIKING HAPPENINGS

AT SUDBURY

Story of a Stop-Over and a Brandy Flask.

The revival fire still burns in Sudbury. On Sunday morning two souls came forward. One had been a backslider for eleven years. The other was a young man who had the previous night given up a bottle of brandy at the penitent-form, but did not clearly realize a change of heart. At night he returned with a companion, who found peace. On Tuesday another young man got soundly converted. He had stopped off on his way to Edmonton, Alta., and a letter was given him to link him up with that Corps.

Envoy Laurence has been with us this week-end. His words were a source of much blessing and encouragement. We have much faith for more souls.—One Interested.

VISITED BY MAJOR HAY.

Norland, Kinmount Circle.—On September 11th we were favoured with a visit from our Divisional Officer, Major Hay. He did a meeting at Cobocok on the Saturday night. Captain Ciphery and a number of the soldiers drove over to the meeting. We all had a good time. Then we returned to Norland. The Major led the Children's Meeting at 10.30 on Sunday morning. At night he addressed a large crowd in our Hall.—E. G. C.

FIVE SEEKERS

AFTER HOLINESS

Cornwall.—This week-end every Soldier and Bandsman worked hard from Saturday night till Sunday night. In the Holiness Meeting five came out for sanctification. The Band under the leadership of Bandmaster Homer did good service. The men stuck to their posts till late on Sunday night, when one soul came out for salvation.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING

AT RIVERDALE

Three special meetings were conducted at Riverdale on Sunday, Sept. 25th (Harvest Thanksgiving). The hall was tastefully decorated, and a goodly display of the fruits of the earth lay directly in front of the platform rail. These gave the speakers much inspiration for their addresses. The fruits and vegetables spoke volumes, of the goodness of God, and to that goodness, that mindfulness of the Giver of all good gifts, they made striking and constant reference throughout the day.

At night the Hall was packed like the proverbial sardine box.

Brigadier Potter assisted in the meeting, which was a splendid evidence of the people's desire to thank God for the blessings of the last year. What a grand burst of harmony there was when the old chorus "Lead Me, Saviour, Lest I Stray" was started. In spite of the fact that Bandmaster (Captain) Myers was absent owing to sickness, the Band turned out in excellent style and played very tunelessly under Deputy-Bandmaster Fuller. The Songsters rendered a Harvest song.

TWO BACKSLIDERS RETURNED.

Strathroy.—Staff-Capt. Williams and Bro. Falle conducted the H. F. week-end at this Corps.

A large crowd enjoyed the open-air on Saturday night, Bro. Falle's singing and playing being a great attraction.

A good day was put in on Sunday, the meetings being very helpful. The Staff-Captain delivered the message of salvation in a very forcible and faithful manner at night. Two backsliders came back to God. The hall was nicely decorated for the special meetings.

SPOKE TO THREE

HUNDRED PEOPLE

Campbellford.—On Saturday we had one of the largest open-air ever held in town. About 300 people stood around. The great crowd was asked to sing without our aid "I Will Guide Thee With Mine Eye." They sang splendidly.

On Sunday night Mr. W. Digby of Toronto addressed our meeting. Five souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. Like the churches, our motto is "A Better Campbellford." All our War Crys are sold. [Good! Order more.—Ed.] —Interested.

MAJOR SIMCO AT EARLSCOURT.

Earlscourt.—On Sunday, Sept. 18th, Major Simco, who was with us during the last week, conducted the meetings. The day will be remembered in the district. The week night meetings also are living with us yet. In the night meeting two brothers and two little girls sought salvation.—A. E. W., B. S.

BIG EVENTS.

Blenheim.—We have just had a visit from the Chatham Musical Quartette, whose music was enjoyed by all present. On Sunday, the 25th inst., Candidates Rickman and Dewey farewelled for the Training College. An outsider remarked that this was a big event for a little Corps. We wish our comrades God speed. —G. Taylor, Captain.

TARGET SMASHED.

A Good Harvest Festival Week-End.

Welland.—We held our Harvest Festival services on Sunday, September 18th. They were conducted by Captain and Mrs. Alder of the United States. The tent was nicely decorated by some of the soldiers. On Saturday night Mrs. Alder attracted a big crowd with her sweet singing at the inside meeting. One soul cried to God for mercy.

On Sunday we had a good day. The children took part in the afternoon meeting. On Sunday night we had a very large crowd, and we finished up with another soul at the Cross.

It is interesting to know that Mrs. Alder's first appointment was at our Captain's home in the north of Scotland, where she spent twelve months. It was very interesting to hear them talk about the fights and victories in that part of the battlefield. We are pleased to report that we have smashed our target.

SAVED AS HE WENT TO BED.

Two Candidates Leave for Garrison.

Vancouver I.—God is prospering us under the able leadership of Adjutant F. Howell. Our week night attendance is increasing, and our Sunday attendance always overflows our hall.

On Saturday night a man came in the meeting under the influence of drink. God's spirit took hold of him and convicted him of sin. He went home, and as he was getting into bed he felt that God had pardoned him. He came to the meeting on Sunday and gave God the glory.

Sunday night was the farewell meeting of Candidates Walter Wright and Eva Stride, who are leaving for the Training College. Hundreds of people were turned away from the hall (Oh, for a larger hall). Among the comrades who spoke were Secretary McCullough, J. S. M. Mrs. Lepoidevan, Mrs. Stride, Mrs. Adjutant Howell, and Bandmaster Redburn. The two candidates said a few words of farewell. The Songsters sang "I've Anchored My Soul," and the Band played "The Saviour at the Door." Adj. Howell spoke of God's call to Samuel. Four souls came forward for salvation.

TO MEETING BY OX-TEAM.

Bridgetown, N.S.—We have just finished six days' musical meetings by Ensign Urquhart, the musical wonder. His music has been well spoken of by the people. Despite bad weather, which made crowds rather small, we visited five outposts. The last one visited was eleven miles distant. We were taken there by a team of oxen. We arrived home about 3.30 in the morning. The Ensign says he never enjoyed a trip so well. The local press made favourable comments on the Ensign's music.—W. C. C.

Women sailors are employed in Denmark, Norway, and Finland, and are often found to be excellent mariners. In Denmark several women are employed as State officials at sea, and particularly in the pilot service. They go out to meet the incoming ships; they climb nimbly out of their boats; they show their official diploma, and they steer the new comer safely into the harbour. It is the same in Finland.

What to do with doubts—get rid of them.

HALLELUJAH WEDDING

AT LISGAR STREET

Brig. Morehen Conducts Ceremony.

Actual marriage bells did not ring at Lisgar Street on Monday night, September 26th, but they were heard, perhaps by imagination, which was rife during the hours of 8 and 10, perhaps in the music of the Band, which was present in its full strength to do honor to one of its comrades—Bandsman C. Perrett, who was joined in matrimony to Sister Annie Gower, by Brigadier Morehen. Bandsman Greer acted as best man, while a sister of the bridegroom supported the bride.

The Hall was packed to suffocation when the meeting began, and if during its progress someone saw an opportunity of squeezing into the Hall, well then they grasped it, and quickly too. The Band played inspiring music, short addresses were given by Ensign Osbourn, and Mrs. Captain Perrett (mother of the bridegroom), and Brigadier Morehen tied the nuptial knot and gave the two young people some good advice. They appreciated it. Each bore testimony to a bright spiritual experience, and expressed desires to become even more useful in God's service.

Captain Scott's Antarctic Expedition.

The 1910 Antarctic expedition under Captain Scott it will be remembered set sail for the South last June on the Terra Nova. The stowing of the curiously assorted cargo within its narrow limits was carried out with much ingenuity, including the materials carefully numbered and arranged for the building of two large huts for the landing parties and sixty sledges. The officers and men were the recipients of innumerable presents such as a piano, 35,000 cigars, half a ton of tobacco, confectionery in large quantities, a number of plum-puddings, etc. The last item to make the full complement of Captain Scott's expedition was supplied by Mr. Cecil H. Meares, a member of the expedition, who was commissioned to procure the dogs and ponies. This he has done in the district of Nikolvaesk in Siberia. He secured thirty-one dogs and started with them from Kobe in Japan for New Zealand on board the steamship Tategeni Maru.

The bullet which killed Lord Nelson is now to be seen at the Fine Art Palace of the White City Exhibition.

Dr. Beatty, who extracted it from Lord Nelson's wound, gave it to King William IV., who placed it in the Royal collection. This bullet, which is one of the historical relics, is kept at Buckingham Palace, was brought to the exhibition by King George's own Armourer, who, before handing it over to the care of the exhibition authorities, sealed the case in which it now reposes with his own private signet ring. The greatest precautions are taken to ensure its safety.

The bullet is a circular musket ball of lead. On one side of it are embedded portions of the gold lace from the admiral's uniform, which, with other fragments of the uniform, were forced into the wound.

The will of God is a holy will.

Praying for others is the best promoter of true friendship.

The greatest joy on earth is the joy of being given up to win souls.

Little Conservationists

AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF A BEAVER COLONY.



His Dams and Ponds Have Saved Vast Estates of Soil.

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, while studying glaciation on the slope of Long's Peak, I came upon a cluster of eight beaver houses. These crude, conical mud huts were in a forest pond far up on the mountainside. In this colony of our "first engineers" were so many things of interest that the fascinating study of the dead Ice King's ruins and records was indefinitely given up in order to observe Citizen Beaver's works and ways.

The industrious beaver builds a permanent home, keeps it clean and in repair, and beside it stores food supplies for winter. He takes thought for to-morrow. These and other commendable characteristics give him a place of honor among a horde of homeless, hand-to-mouth folk of the wild. His picturesque works give a charm to the wild and are helpful to ourselves. His dams and ponds have saved vast estates of soil, have checked many a flood and helped to equalize stream-flow.

A pile of granite boulders on the edge of the pond stood several feet above the water-level, and from the tip of these the entire colony and its surrounding interests could be seen. On these I spent days observing and enjoying the autumnal activities of Beaverdom.

It was the busiest time of the year for these industrious folk. General and extensive preparations were now being made for the long winter amid the mountain snows. A harvest of scores of trees was being gathered; work on a new house was in progress, while the old houses were receiving repairs. It was a reflective autumn day when I came into the picturesque village of these primitive people. The aspens were golden, the willows rusty, the grass tanned, and the pines were purring in the easy air.

The colony site was in a small basin amid moraine debris at an altitude of nine thousand feet above the sea-level. I at once christened it the Moraine Colony. The scene was utterly wild. Peaks of crags and snow rose steeply and high above; all around crowded a dense evergreen forest of pine and spruce. A few small swamps reposed in this forest, while here and there in it bristled several gigantic windrows of boulders.

The Day's Work at Moraine Colony. A ragged belt of aspens surrounded the several ponds and separated the pines and spruces from the fringe of water-loving willows along the shores. There were three large ponds in succession and below these a number of smaller ones. The dams that formed the large ponds were willow-grown, earthy structures about four feet in height, and all sagged down stream. The houses were grouped in the middle pond; the largest one, the dam of which was more than three hundred feet long. Three of these lake dwellings stood near the upper margin, close to where the brook poured in. The other five were clustered by the outlet, just below which a small, wil-

low-grown, boulder-dotted island lay between the divided waters of the stream.

A number of beavers were busy gnawing down aspens, while others cut the felled ones into sections, pushed, and rolled the sections into the water, and then floated them to the harvest piles, one of which was being made beside each house. Some were quietly at work spreading a coat of mud on the outside of each house.



Trees Felled by Beavers.

This would freeze and defy the tooth and claw of the hungriest or the strongest predaceous enemy. Four beavers were leisurely lengthening and repairing a dam. A few worked singly, but most of them were in groups. All worked quietly and with apparent deliberation, but all were in motion, so that it was a busy scene. "To work like a beaver!" What a stirring exhibition of beaver industry and forethought I viewed from my boulder pile!

At times upward of forty of them were in sight. Though there was a general co-operation, yet each one appeared to do his part without orders or direction. Time and again a group of workers completed a task and without pause silently moved off and began another. Everything appeared to go on mechanically. It produced a strange feeling to see so many workers doing so many kinds of work effectively and automatically. Again and again I listened for the superintendent's voice; constantly I watched to see the overseer move among them—but I listened and watched in vain. Yet I feel that some of the patriarchal fellows must have carried a general plan of the work, and that during its progress orders and directions that I could not comprehend were given from time to time.

The work was at its height a little before midday. Now it is rare for a beaver to work in daylight. Men and guns have prevented daylight workers from leaving descendants. These not only worked, but played in daylight. One morning for more than an hour

there was a general frolic, in which the entire population appeared to take part. They raced, dived, crowded in general mixups, whacked the water with their tails, wrestled and dived again. There were two or three play-centres, but the play went on without intermission, and as their position constantly changed, the merry-makers splashed water all over the main pond before they calmed down, and in silence returned to work. I gave most attention to the harvesters, who felled the aspens and moved them bodily, or in sections, by land and water to the harvest piles. One tree on the shore of the pond, which was felled into the water was eight inches in diameter and fifteen feet high. Without severing even a limb it was floated to the nearest harvest pile. Another about the same size, which was procured some fifty feet from the water, was severed into four sections and its branches cut off; then a single beaver would take a branch in his teeth and drag it to the water, and then swim with it to a harvest pile. However, four beavers joined to transport the largest section to the water. They pushed with forepaws, with breasts, and with hips. Plainly it was too heavy for them. They paused. "Now they will go for help," I said to myself, "and I'll find out who the boss is." But to my astonishment one of them began to gnaw the piece in two; the second began to gnaw down another aspen, while the other two cleared a narrow way to the water. Good roads and open waterways are the rule, and perhaps the necessary rule, of beaver colonies.

I was impatient to have a close view of a beaver cutting down a tree, and

behind it, then splitting it out by using his jaws as a lever. He was a trifle more than an hour in felling a four-inch tree; just before it fell he thudded the ground a few times with his tail and ran away.

The Beaver Family Burned Out

I became deeply interested in this colony, which was situated within two miles of my cabin, and its nearness enabled me to be a frequent visitor and to follow closely its fortunes and misfortunes. About the hut-filled pond I lingered when it was covered with winter's white, when fringed with gentian's blue, and when decked with the pond lily's yellow glory.

Ruin befell it before my first visit ended. One morning, while watching from the boulder pile, I noticed an occasional flake of ash dropping into the pond. Soon smoke scented the air, then there came the awful and subdued roar of a forest fire. I fled, and from above the timberline watched the stormcloud of black smoke sweep furiously forward, bursting and closing to the terrible leaps of red and tattered flames. Before noon several thousand acres of forest were dead, all leaves and twigs were in ashes, all tree trunks blistered and blackened.

The Moraine Colony was closely embowered in a pitchy forest. For a time the houses in the water were wrapped in flames of smelter heat. Could these mud houses stand this? Next morning I went through the hot, smoky area and found every house cracked and crumbling; not one was inhabitable. Most serious of all was the total loss of food supply.

Would these energetic people starve at home or would they try to find refuge in some other colony? Would they endeavor to find a grove that the fire had missed and there start anew? The intense heat had almost consumed every fibrous thing above the surface. The piles of garnered green aspen were charred to the waterline; all that remained of willow thickets and aspen groves were thousands of blackened pickets and points—acres of coarse charcoal stubble. It was a dreary, starving outlook for my furred friends.

I left the scene to explore the entire burned area. After wandering for hours amid ashes and charcoal, seeing here and there the seared carcass of a deer or some other wild animal, I came upon a beaver colony that had escaped the fire. It was in the midst of several acres of swampy ground that was covered with fire-resisting willows and aspens. The surrounding pine forest was not dense and the heat it produced in burning did no damage to the scattered beaver houses.

From the top of a granite crag I surveyed the green scene of life and the surrounding sweep of desolation. Here and there a sodden log smoldered in the ashen distance and supported a tower of smoke in the still air. A few miles to the east among the scattered trees of a rocky summit the fire was burning itself out; to the west the sun was sinking behind crags and snow; nearby, on a blackened limb, a southbound robin chattered volubly but hopelessly.

While I was listening, thinking, and watching, a mountain lion appeared and leaped lightly upon a block of granite. He was on my right, about one hun-

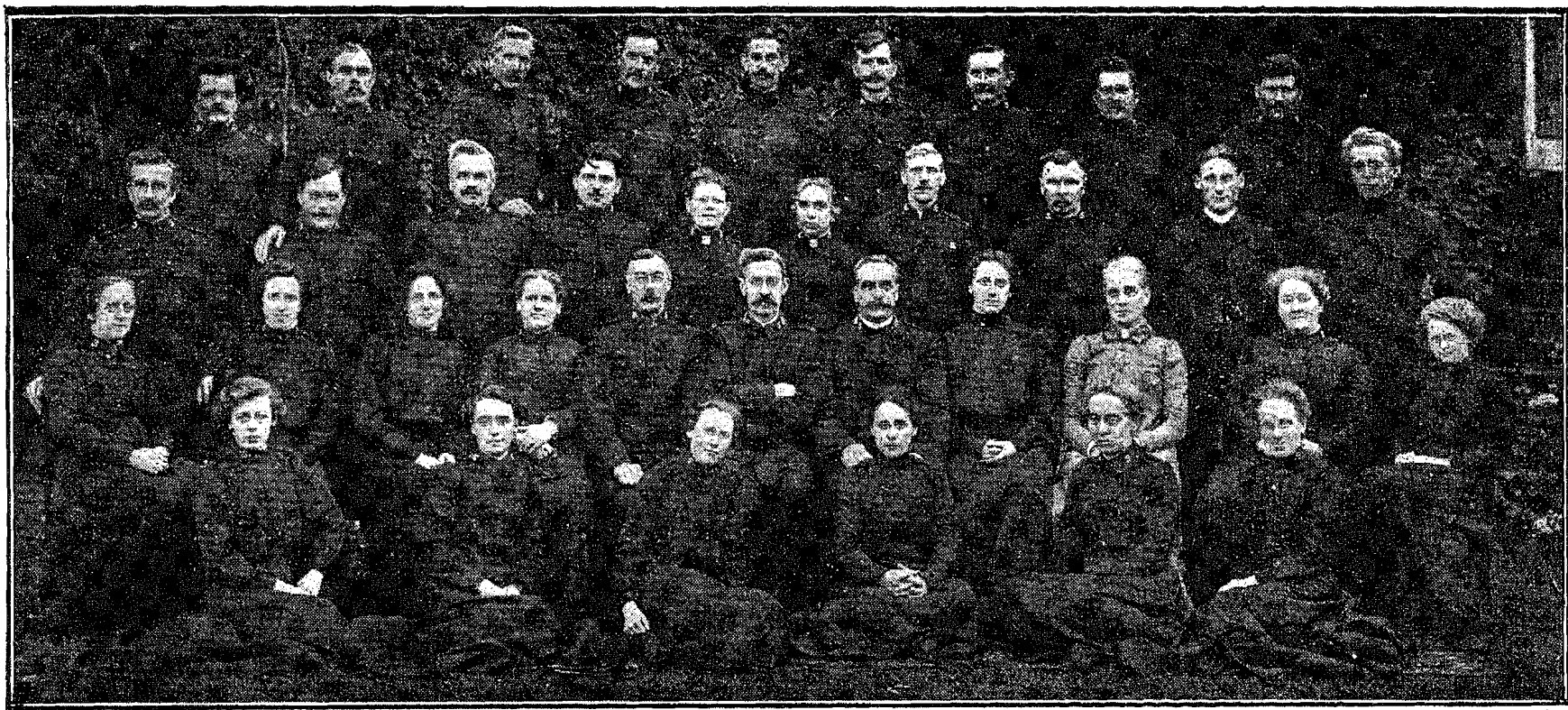
(Continued on Page Fourteen.)



The Enlarged House—Sixty-Three Feet in Circumference. Photograph Taken December, 1909.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

THE OFFICERS AT THE STAFF LODGE, LONDON (ENG.).



Back Row.—Adjutant Sheard, Canada; Adjutant Brace, Newfoundland; Adjutant Kendall, Canada; Adjutant Harding, Newfoundland; Captain Mardall, Toronto; Adjutant Burton, Toronto; Staff-Captain Alexander, British Guiana; Adjutant Stickland, Newfoundland; Adjutant Higdon, Newfoundland.

Third Row.—Ensign Childsmith, South Africa; Adjutant Hiscock, Newfoundland; Staff-Captain Coombs, Canada; Staff-Captain Arnold, Canada; Ensign Perrson, India; Staff-Captain Hole, India; Adjutant Ellertson, India; Staff-Captain Jackson, India; Ensign Hamilton, Canada; Captain Heberden, Canada.

Second Row.—Mrs. Ensign Childsmith, South Africa; Ensign Maisey, Toronto; Captain Maisey, London; Mrs. Major Taylor, Montreal; Staff-Captain Barr, St. John, N.B.; Lieut.-Colonel Powley, Staff College; Major Potheary, India; Captain Murphy, Canada; Staff-Captain Dobney, Jamaica; Ensign Lighbourne, Toronto; Mrs. Captain Heberden, Canada.

Front Row.—Staff-Captain Stobbs, Toronto; Ensign Lewis, Toronto; Adjutant Young, Toronto; Captain Eastwell, Toronto; Ensign Kerry, India; Adjutant Ogilvie, Newfoundland.

International Headquarters, Great Britain.

The General's exclamation at the close of his campaign at Battersea, "I'm for London," is to be put into action, for a series of engagements within the Metropolitan area are announced for our Leader.

The important series of Field Officers' Councils which the Chief of the Staff (Mr. Bramwell Booth) is to conduct in the leading centres throughout the United Kingdom, will commence at Glasgow.

A series of Holiness Meetings in the West-End of London is being arranged by Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

The International Staff Band for the first time in its history visited the Isle of Wight for the week-end. The scene of operations was Newport. At present Captain Mary Booth, second daughter of the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth, is in command of the local Corps.

The Band left town earlier than is usual, in order to visit, by special permission of the Home Office Authorities, Parkhurst Convict Prison, which lies just a little distance out of Newport.

It is the first time any Salvation Army Band has played in a convict prison in this country, and but the second visit of any band.

Six hundred men were present at the service. Captain Mary Booth read to the men the following message from her grandfather, The General:

"Give the men at Parkhurst my love. Tell them, if they will allow me to do so, I will stand their friend when they receive their discharge.—William Booth."

The Slum Secretary has secured

the use of Victoria House, at Hadleigh, Essex, for two months as a home of rest for slum mothers and children, who will be sent down for periods of a fortnight. The first party—five mothers and sixteen children—has already been installed.

Open-air Work in Germany.

"This Corps has come into notoriety throughout the Territory by reason of the fact that it enjoys the privilege of being allowed, without let or hindrance, to hold meetings in the streets and market-place; in fact, I understand that the police have been specially instructed not to interfere with our Open-Air work.

Lieut.-Colonel Martin thus describes the happy and, for Germany, unique state of affairs that exists at Neusalz, a town of 13,000 inhabitants, and where the Colonel recently conducted a week-end campaign. Concerning these Meetings, he says that huge crowds of people attended the services, especially the Open Air. Among those who took part was a big trophy of grace. Before conversion he was an inveterate drunkard, who for years had neglected his wife and family, and was also well known to the police. One night, a few months ago, he stood near the Open-Air ring, and, after listening for some time to the news of Salvation, knelt and cried for deliverance.

Relief Work in Flooded Tokio.

Commissioner Hodder writes: The floods were worse than any in the previous history of Japan, miles upon miles of the city of Tokio itself having been completely submerged. Fortunately, only two of The Army's Halls were under water, although the

floods rose to the doors of two others. Salvationists all over the affected district have been out in boats taking food and water to isolated houses, and assisting in the work of rescue.

We threw open all our buildings as shelters and food depots, and as a result we are housing in Tokio alone 500 people, besides feeding thousands. With the sanction of the Governor, the military authorities have lent us 400 beds. The Training Home has been converted into an hospital.

The papers are loud in praise of our action, particularly pointing out that we were the first to commence work—even before the authorities. Some of the remarks are most flattering, one paper, in fact, calling us "the perfect Salvation Army."

A Naval and Military Home for Japanese sailors and soldiers is shortly to be opened at Yokosuka.

New Work in Matabeleland.

The first native Corps in Matabeleland has recently been opened. It is situated on the Usher Settlement. Staff-Captain Bradley dedicated to God the site belonging to The Army, on which buildings are to be erected. Commissioner Richards and Colonel Smith, the Secretary for the Native Work, have visited the settlement. Thirteen souls sought salvation. Fifteen Soldiers were sworn in; thirty-three recruits were enrolled, and three Sergeants were commissioned.

Australia.

Latest reports state that Colonel Brengle has recently experienced remarkable times in his revival campaigns. In four days spent at Prahran, Melbourne, there were 134 seekers at the Mercy Seat. The Colonel

met a number of Melbourne Methodist ministers at the Central Mission Hall. One gentleman, after hearing the Colonel, remarked: "Oh, that we had a phonograph here so that this beautiful address could be heard in every quarterly meeting!" "Let us all be phonographs," interposed the President of the Victorian Conference, with approving "Hear, hears" amongst other ministers present.

Tasmania is now being visited by the Colonel. At the moment he unfortunately is suffering from a temporary breakdown.

The No. 2 Home at Bayswater was totally destroyed by fire on Wednesday at about midnight. Fortunately the disaster was not attended by any personal injuries, either to the officers or boys.

Upwards of thirty lads were asleep in the Home when the outbreak was discovered, but the officers promptly opening escape doors the boys were soon clear of the burning building. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Jamaica.

The anniversary of Emancipation Day is still kept up in Jamaica, and in some parts of the country a whole week is given up to rejoicing. This holiday is made an occasion when Salvationists in certain districts meet together for a "Field Day." The Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Colonel Maidment, recently conducted two such meetings.

At the invitation of the Council, Mrs. Maidment this year gave an address at the Women's Meeting held in the Congregational Church. The Colonel gave an address at the Missionary Meeting held in the Parish Church.

DAY WITH AN INDIAN OFFICER

(Continued from page 3.)

Happening to be in the station when they arrived, they took him back to the Commissioner there and then. The Colonel produced the receipt as evidence, and the offender was promptly punished. Such incidents, painful as they are, serve many valuable ends. They make manifest the genuineness of the work of grace in many hearts; they silence the oft-repeated calumny that the converts are merely "rice Christians."

"Is the Mem Sahib with you to-day?" asks an old mother, anxiously. "Unfortunately not," is the reply.

"My daughter makes pilgrimage to another world, and she cries for one to show her the way. The Mem Sahib sang to her, and made prayer to her God, and she would fain see her again."

The wife of the Envoy is directed to see the girl, but the incident has reminded the Colonel of the first native girl Cadet who gave herself to the work, and he tells us the story.

"Her name was Poonan, and she was but eighteen years of age," says he. "Her call came in a united village gathering, when Soldiers from various parts of the district were testifying to salvation. I noticed this girl standing on the outskirts of the crowd, with the tears running down her cheeks. Her mother was a widow, and Poonan her only child, and a good Salvationist. 'I believe God wants me to go and work for Him,' was the girl's explanation when one questioned her concerning her tears.

"Two or three hours later, in passing through the village, I heard much wailing and weeping, and saw a house full of people. 'What is the matter?' I asked, fearing someone was ill or dead. 'Poonan is giving her mother farewell, to go as an Officer,' was the answer. She had lost no time!

"We trained her, and sent her as Lieutenant to a large Corps. Cholera broke out. Poonan fearlessly visited the people, caring for their sick and tending their dying, until the dread disease attacked her also, and she died in the midst of her people. She was one of the bravest of our fifteen hundred Indian Officers.

"Of course, women Officers are greatly needed in our Schools. You know we have four hundred Day Schools in operation in India, with ten thousand children on the registers; they form a most successful branch of our Indian work. Then in our Famine Industrial Schools we have over six hundred children who were rescued from starvation and death during the great famines of 1897 and 1899. Oh, if people in England only realized the burdens which lie upon us from day to day, they would be far, far more generous with their gifts for India!"

"Someone is desiring to make you a gift now, Colonel," we suggest, drawing his attention to two women who have come up shyly to offer vessels of milk. The milk is sweetened with sugar, and there is fat swimming on the top of it; but the Colonel accepts it gracefully, and in a few moments we are all supplied with what proves to be part of our supper.

"We shall not be home before midnight," explains the Divisional Officer. "The best meeting of the day comes after the people have got home from the fields and cooked their supper. It is cool then, and there is no hurry—there is no hurry in all great India!" he concludes smilingly.

"I have had some curious experiences at night in this country, and some strange deliverances," says the Colonel. "You know when the monsoons burst on the hills many of the rivers suddenly come down into their dry water-courses, gigantic floods twelve or fourteen feet high. The natives cultivate the water-beds in the dry season, and sleep in grass huts there to protect their vegetables. Consequently, when the waters come down suddenly in the night they are sometimes drowned in hundreds. On one tour I took towards the end of the dry season, we had slept in the river bed on the sand for a week. On the seventh night we had finished our meeting, and were going to our little camp, when we met a dozen young men returning from their tem-

THAT TEN DOLLAR BILL

Have you made any attempt to win it yet? You had better hurry up, you know, September is going by.

ANY SOLDIER, LOCAL, FIELD OR STAFF OFFICER IS ELIGIBLE FOR THIS COMPETITION.



In the past this competition has been limited to Officers, but this year we have decided to throw it open to all our readers. So any of our Comrades can receive a ten-dollar bill for a story of 500 words.

The story must conform to the following conditions:

1. The story must relate to the war in Canada or Newfoundland.
2. Should not exceed five hundred words.
3. The incident may refer to the writer's own experience, or may have been told to the writer by some other person. The writer will be held responsible for the truth of the incident.
4. The incident must illustrate the power of God's Salvation, and the effectiveness of Army methods, and

may refer to the conversion of sinners by answers to prayer, by means of testimonies, or meetings in the open-air or hall, by War Cry selling, or any special efforts.

NOTE.—That which constitutes the best story will be its interesting and instructive qualities. The more novel or extraordinary the story the greater its interest. The more unpromising the character converted the more instructive will be the incident.

Get on to this right away by getting some one to tell you a good story or by rubbing up your own memory.

Don't worry about your grammar or writing. We will straighten out your story. What we are after is that striking incident which you are so fond of telling your friends. Write it out and let us have it right away.

Readers of the Cry will decide which is the best story.

SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR BANDSMEN ONLY

TEN DOLLARS FOR THE BEST STORY.

Bands will be a feature in the next Christmas Cry, so we have decided to offer a prize of ten dollars for the best story of how a soul was led to Christ through the instrumentality of an Army band. This competition is limited to Bandsmen only, and the

story should not contain more than 500 words.

Those who take part in these competitions must send in their contributions not later than the last day of September.

ple. They pressed us to turn back with them and "explain our religion," and we adjourned to one of their verandahs, where they gave us food. We talked so late into the night that they spread mats and cots on the verandah, and begged us to stay. In the morning we returned to our usual sleeping-place, and found the river flowing from bank to bank, twelve feet deep.

"Were those young men really anxious enquirers?" we asked curiously.

"Indeed they were, like many more high caste young men who visit our Headquarters for conversation. The leader of that particular party" came to see me several times after that night, and really got saved. Oh, the chances that lie thick all around us in this country! Would to God we had five times as much money and ten times as many men to embrace these opportunities!"

It was midnight when the long day's work and walking came to an end, but it had been fuller of opportunity than we could have imagined. It had been a ministry to really eager souls, hungering and thirsting to know the way of true life—a day worth having been lived.

LITTLE CONSERVATIONISTS.

(Continued from page 12.)

dred feet away and about an equal distance from the shore of the nearest pond. He was interested in the approach of something. With a nervous switching of his tail he peered eagerly forward over the crown of the ridge just before him, and then crouched tensely and expectantly upon his rock. A pine tree that had escaped the fire screened the place toward which

the lion looked and from which something evidently was approaching. While I was trying to discover what it could be, a coyote trotted into view. Without catching sight of the near-by lion he suddenly stopped and fixed his gaze upon the point that so interested the crouching beast. The mystery was solved when thirty or forty beavers came hurrying into view. They had come from the ruined Moraine Colony.

Refugees in Temporary Quarters.

I thought to myself that the coyote, stuffed as he must be with the seared flesh of fire-roasted victims, would not attack them; but a lion wants a fresh kill for every meal, and so I watched the movements of the latter. He adjusted his feet a trifle and made ready to spring. The beavers were getting close; but just as I was about to shout to frighten him the coyote leaped among them and began killing.

In the excitement of getting off the crag I narrowly escaped breaking my neck. Once on the ground I ran for the coyote, shouting wildly to frighten him off; but he was so intent upon killing that a violent kick in the ribs first made him aware of my presence. In anger and excitement he leaped at me with ugly teeth as he fled. The lion had disappeared, and by this time the beavers in the front ranks were jumping into the pond, while the others were awkwardly speeding down the slope. The coyote had killed three. If beavers have a language, surely that night the refugees related to their hospitable neighbors some thrilling experiences.

The next morning I returned to the Moraine Colony over the route followed by the refugees. Leaving their fire-ridden homes they had followed the stream that issued from their ponds.

In places the channel was so clogged with fire wreckage that they had followed alongside the water rather than in it, as is their wont. At one place they had hurriedly taken refuge in the stream. Coyote tracks in the scattered ashes explained this. But after going a short distance they had climbed from the water and again travelled the ashy earth.

Beavers, like fish, commonly follow water routes, but in times of emergency or in moments of audacity they will journey overland. To have followed this stream down to its first tributary, then up this to where the colony in which they found refuge was situated, would have required four miles of travel. Overland it was less than a mile. After following the stream for some distance, at just the right place they "turned off," left the stream and dared the overland dangers. How did they know the situation of the colony in the willows, or that it had escaped fire, and how could they have known the shortest, best way to it?

The morning after the arrival of the refugees work was begun on two new houses and a dam, which was about sixty feet in length and built across a grassy open. Green cuttings of willow, aspen, and alder were used in its construction. Not a single stone or a handful of mud was used. When completed it appeared like a windrow of freshly-raked shrubs. It was almost straight, but sagged a trifle downstream. Though the water filtered freely through, it flooded the flat above.

As the two new houses could not shelter all the refugees it is probable that some of them were sheltered in bank tunnels, while room for others may have been found in the old houses. That winter the colony was raided by some trappers; more than one hundred pelts were secured, and the colony left in ruins and almost depopulated.

The Moraine Colony site was deserted for a long time. Eight years after the fire I returned to examine it. The willow growth about the ruins was almost as thrifty as when the red fire came. A growth of aspen taller than one's head clung to the old shore lines while a close seedling growth of lodge-pole pine thrived in the ashes of the old forest. One low mound, merry with blooming columbine, was the only house ruin to be seen.

The ponds were empty, and every dam was broken. The stream, in rushing unobstructed through the ruins, had eroded deeply. This erosion revealed the records of ages, and showed that the old main dam had been built on the top of an older dam and a sediment-filled pond. The second dam was on top of an older one still. In the sediment of the oldest—the bottom pond—I found a spear head, two charred logs, and the head of a buffalo. Colonies of beaver, as well as those of men, often are founded upon sites that have a tragic history. Beavers, with Omar, might say:

When you and I behind the veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last.

The next summer, 1893, the Moraine site was resettled. During the first season the colonists put in their time repairing dams and were content to live in holes. In autumn they gathered no harvest, and no trace of them could be found after the snow; so it is likely that they had returned to winter in the colony from whence they came. But early in the next spring there were reinforced numbers of them at work establishing a permanent settlement. Three dams were repaired, and in the autumn many of the golden leaves that fell found lodgment in the fresh plaster of two new houses.

"Calmness."

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Eilm's palm,
Beside her desert spring.
Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.
Calm in the sufferance of wrong
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name.

SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

The demand for these is growing daily. They command a Ready Sale and produce three striking effects: 1. Silent Witnesses of God's Goodness, Promises and Judgments. 2. A pleasant occupation for spare time, and also of an opportunity of speaking for the Master. 3. A source of revenue to the enthusiastic and wide-awake man or woman. Agents wanted, all or spare time. Write for particulars. ❖ ❖ ❖

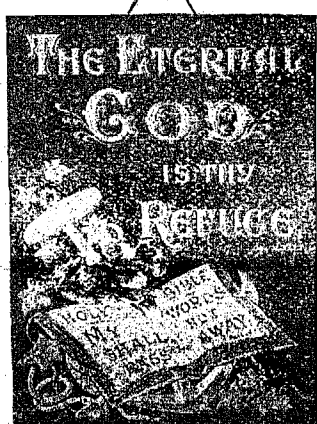


No. 215. Size 10¼ by 8¼.

On Red and Green Enamelled Boards, and Flowers in panel. Silver letters.

TEXTS: "God shall supply all your need." "As thy days so shall thy strength be." "My presence shall go with thee." "Christ shall give thee light."

Price 25c. each.



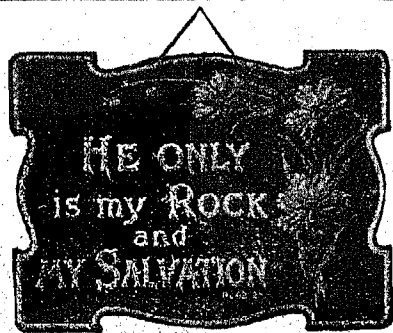
No. 415.—Anchor and Bible.

Size 13 by 9½. Corded. Silver bevelled edges.

Silver Blocked design of Anchor and Bible with inlaid Rose design in colours. Very effective. Texts in Silver.

TEXTS: "The Eternal God is thy Refuge." "The Lord knoweth them that trust in Him." "It is God that girdeth me with strength." "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

Price 25c. each.



No. 203. Size 13 by 9½.

On White Enamelled Board, cut out shape. Four Floral Designs, and Bold Silver letters.

TEXTS: "He only is my Rock and my Salvation." "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil." "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts." "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Price 25c. each.

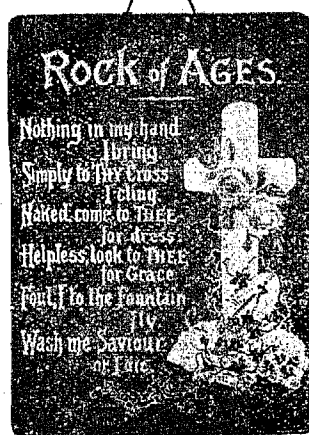


No. 202. Size 12 by 9¼.

On Art Boards in various shades, with Artistic Floral Sprays, and Bold White letters.

TEXTS: "Wait on thy God continually." "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." "Teach me to do Thy will." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

Price 25c. each.



No. 345.—Rock of Ages.

Size 12½ by 9½. Corded. Silver bevelled edges. A fine series of Silver Blocked Verse Cards with design of a Cross in Silver, with coloured inlaid roses entwined round and across the design.

VERSES: Rock of Ages (Nothing in my hand I bring). Abide with me (I need Thy presence). Nearer, my God, to Thee (Nearer, my God, to Thee). Jesus, Lover of my soul (Jesus, Lover of my soul).

Price 25c. each.

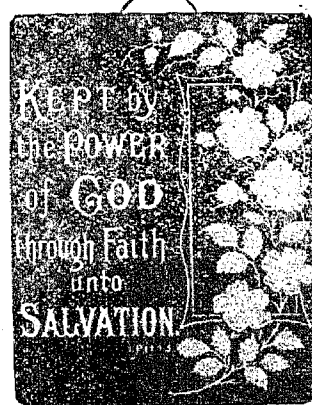


No. 234. Size 15 by 10.

On Chromo Board. Bold Silver letters and effective Rose designs.

TEXTS: "God shall supply all your need." "As thy days so shall thy strength be." "My presence shall go with thee." "Christ shall give thee light."

Price 25c. each.



No. 452.—Chrysanthemum Series.

Size 12 by 9½. Corded.

A new series of Scripture Texts on Imitation Velvet Surface Board. White lettering with bold floral designs, delicately tinted.

TEXTS: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." "He will keep the feet of His Saints." "Kept by the power of God." "I will guide thee with mine eye."

Price 25c. each.



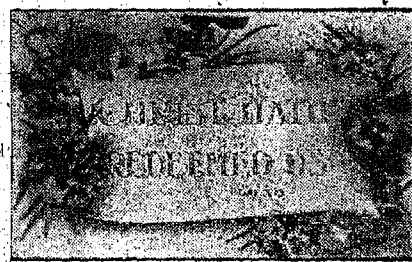
No. 417.—Imitation Velvet Series.

Size 12½ by 9. Corded.

A Fine Series of Scripture Texts on Imitation Velvet Surface Board. White lettering with floral and fruit designs beautifully tinted. Very effective.

TEXTS: "My Presence shall go with thee." "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil." "Your father knoweth what things ye have need of." "The Lord will bless His people with peace."

Price 25c. each.



No. 214. Size 11¼ by 7¼.

On White Board with Artistic designs of Flowers and Scroll with Silver letters.

TEXTS: "Christ hath redeemed us." "Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ." "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

Price 20c. each.

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

Holiness.

Tunes.—"The Cross Now Covers," 112; "Thou Shepherd of Israel," 111; Song-Book, No. 493.

1 I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love,
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.

Chorus:

The Cross now covers my sins.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggling,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

Tunes.—"Welcome, Sweet Day," 76; Song-Book, No. 430.

2 From every stain made clean,
From every sin set free;
O blessed Lord, this is the gift that
Thou hast promised me.
And pressing through the past of
failure, fault, and fear,
Before Thy Cross my soul I cast, and
dare to leave it there.

From Thee I would not hide my sin,
because of fear,
What men may think; I hate my
pride, and as I am appear—
Just as I am, O Lord, not what I'm
thought to be;
Just as I am, a struggling soul for life
and liberty.

A heart by blood made clean, in
every wish and thought,
A heart that by God's power has been
into subjection brought;
To walk, to weep, to sing, within the
light of Heaven;
This is the blessing, Saviour King,
that Thou to me hast given.

War and Testimony.

Tunes.—"Hark, Hark, My Soul," 256, G & Bb; Song-Book, No. 564.

3 Hark, hark, my soul, what war-
like songs are swelling
Through all the land, and on from
door to door;
How grand the truths those burning
strains are telling
Of that great war till sin shall be
no more.

Chorus:

Salvation Army, Army of God,
Onward to conquer the world with
Fire and Blood.

Onward we go, the world shall hear
our singing,
Come, guilty souls, for Jesus bids
you come;
And through the dark its echoes loud-
ly ringing,
Shall lead the wretched, lost, and
wandering home.

Conquerors at last, though the fight
be long and dreary,
Bright day shall dawn and sin's
dark night be past;
Our battles end in saving sinners
weary,
And Satan's kingdom down shall
fall at last.

4 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward-bound we swiftly
glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

Chorus:

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

COLONEL AND MRS. MAPP

ACCOMPANIED BY A NUMBER OF TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS STAFF, AND THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDERS.

Will visit and conduct special services at the following Corps:

Tuesday, Oct. 4th, COUNCIL CHAMBER AT THE TEMPLE
(Officers' Meeting).

Thursday, October 6, 8 p.m. - LISGAR ST.
Sunday, " 9 - - - - - TEMPLE.

At The Temple the Officers who attended the Staff College will be welcomed, and a welcome will also be given to the new session of Cadets.
LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. CHANDLER WILL ALSO BE PRESENT.

SPECIAL CAMPAIGN

SUNDAY, OCT 23rd, to MONDAY, NOV. 7th.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY, Territorial Headquarters Staff, Provincial Commanders, Divisional Commanders, and Divisional Officers are most interested in the Campaign, and will be devoting their energies towards making it a God-glorifying, Soul-saving, and Soldier-making Effort.

We are fully relying upon Officers commanding the Corps throughout the Territory with their Local Officers, Bandmen, Soldiers, and Young People to push the Campaign for all they are worth.
PRAY FOR ITS SUCCESS.

MAKE YOUR MEETINGS ATTRACTIVE.

ANNOUNCE AND ADVERTISE THE EFFORT.

HAVE A SETTLED PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

LOOK WELL AFTER THE CONVERT.

KEEP GOD'S GLORY AND THE SALVATION OF SOULS WELL TO THE FRONT.

Preliminary List of Appointments. Others will be added:

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

SATURDAY, OCT. 22 (Lecture at 8 p.m.)... NEW LISKEARD
SUNDAY, OCT. 23 (11 a.m.)... HAILEYBURY
SUNDAY, OCT. 23 (3 p.m. and 7 p.m.)... COBALT
MONDAY, OCT. 24 (Lecture at 8 p.m.)... NORTH BAY
TUESDAY, OCT. 25 (Lecture at 8 p.m.)... HUNTSVILLE
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26 (Lecture at 8 p.m.)... BRACEBRIDGE
SATURDAY, OCT. 29... DUNDAS
SUNDAY AND MONDAY, OCT. 30, 31... HAMILTON I.
TUESDAY, NOV. 1st... GALT
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 2nd... ST. CATHARINES
SATURDAY, NOV. 5th... MONTREAL IV.
SUNDAY, NOV. 6th... MONTREAL II.
MONDAY, NOV. 7... CORNWALL

COLONEL GASKIN, Field Secretary—

NOV. 1-7.—TWILLINGATE, NFLD. OFFICERS AND PUBLIC MEETINGS.
NOV. 9-17.—ST. JOHNS, NFLD. OFFICERS AND PUBLIC MEETINGS.

LIEUT.-COL. PUGMIRE, Men's Social Secretary—

SUNDAY, OCT. 23.—CENTRAL PRISON AND MERCER REFORMATORY.
NOV. 1-14.—NORTH-WEST PROVINCE. OFFICERS AND PUBLIC MEETINGS.
NOV. 15-30.—PACIFIC PROVINCE. OFFICERS AND PUBLIC MEETINGS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER—

OCTOBER 22 and 23... ST. CATHARINES

T. H. Q. STAFF BAND—

OCTOBER 22 and 23... COBOURG

MAJOR AND MRS. MILLER—

OCTOBER 22 and 23... OSHAWA
OCTOBER 30... EARLSCOURT
NOVEMBER 5 and 6... BRAMPTON

Adjutant Walter—

Attached to West Toronto Corps.

Captain Annie Wilson—

Attached to Toronto I. Corps.

Lieutenant Clayton—

Attached to the Parliament Street Corps.

Captain Nancarrow—

Attached to the Parliament Street Corps.

UNITED FESTIVALS, Lisgar Temple, Riverdale, Lippincott.

THURSDAY, OCT. 13... TEMPLE

THURSDAY, OCT. 20... LISGAR

THURSDAY, OCT. 27... LIPPINCOTT

REMEMBER THE DATES:

Sunday Oct. 23 to Nov. 7.

Salvation.

5 There's a Voice that comes to
your heart to-night,
You've heard it oft before,
You heard it when first you felt your
sin

Away in the days of yore,
Though weary and burdened and all
undone,

Your night He'll turn to day;
Don't turn the Saviour away from
your heart,
Don't turn Him away.

Chorus:

Don't turn Him away.

The time will come, it will surely
come,
When His voice you'll hear no
more;

"Behold, I stand, and I patiently wait,
And knock at your heart's closed
door."

The joy of the Lord He'll bestow once
more,

If you'll come to Him and pray,
Don't turn the Saviour away from
your heart,
Don't turn Him away.

Tune.—"Who'll Be the Next," 293, Bb
& Eb; Song-Book, No. 57.

6 Who'll be the next to follow
Jesus?

Who'll be the next His cross to
bear?

Some one is ready, some one is wait-
ing;

Who'll be the next a crown to
wear?

Chorus:

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus
now?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Come and bow at His precious feet,
Who'll be the next to lay every bur-
den

Down at the Father's mercy-seat?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Down through the Jordan's rolling
tide?

Who'll be the next to join with the
ransomed
Singing upon the other side?

T.H.Q. NOON-DAY
KNEE-DRILL.

Times of refreshing are expected.
Comrade Officers in all parts of the
Territory will be remembered at the
Throne of Heavenly Grace. The Lead-
ers will be as follows:

Tuesday, October 11th.—MAJOR
CREIGHTON.

Friday, October 14th.—STAFF
CAPTAIN SIMS.

Tuesday, October 18th.—BRIGA-
DIER TAYLOR.

Friday, October 21st.—STAFF-CAP-
TAIN WHITE.

Friday, October 28th.—BRIGADIER
POTTER.

City and visiting Officers and Sol-
diers heartily welcome.

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER

will visit

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO,
ON OCTOBER 16th.

BRIGADIER TAYLOR

will visit

HESPELER, SATURDAY AND
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22nd and 23rd.

MAJOR SIMCO

will conduct

REVIVAL MEETINGS

at the following Corps:

Chester, October 1st to the 6th (in-
clusive).

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Hiles, Halifax Division.

Lunenburg, October 2-4; Shelburne,
Oct. 5, 6; Clark's Harbour, Oct. 8-10;
Liverpool, Oct. 11-12.

MISSING.

(First Insertion.)

7756. WILLIAM GARDON, age 43,
height 5 ft. 6 in., light brown hair,
blue eyes, fair complexion, been miss-
ing for two years. Last-known ad-
dress Portwood Mines, Cape Breton,
N.S. Friends very anxious for news.
8101. CHAS. HERBERT HENRY
JEEVES. Age 26, height 5 ft. 8 in.,
fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion,
supposed to be farming. Last
known address 25 John Street, To-
ronto. News wanted.